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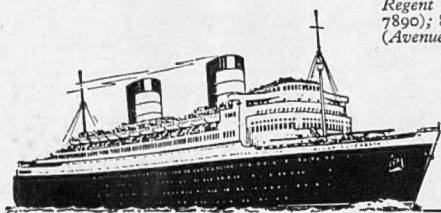


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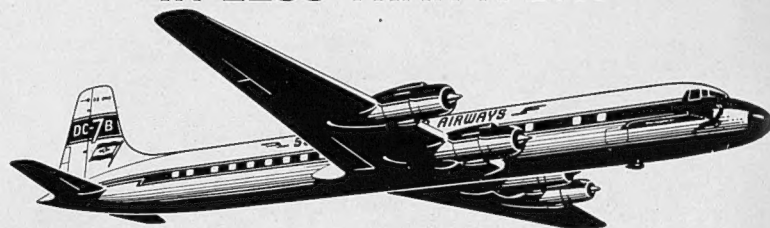
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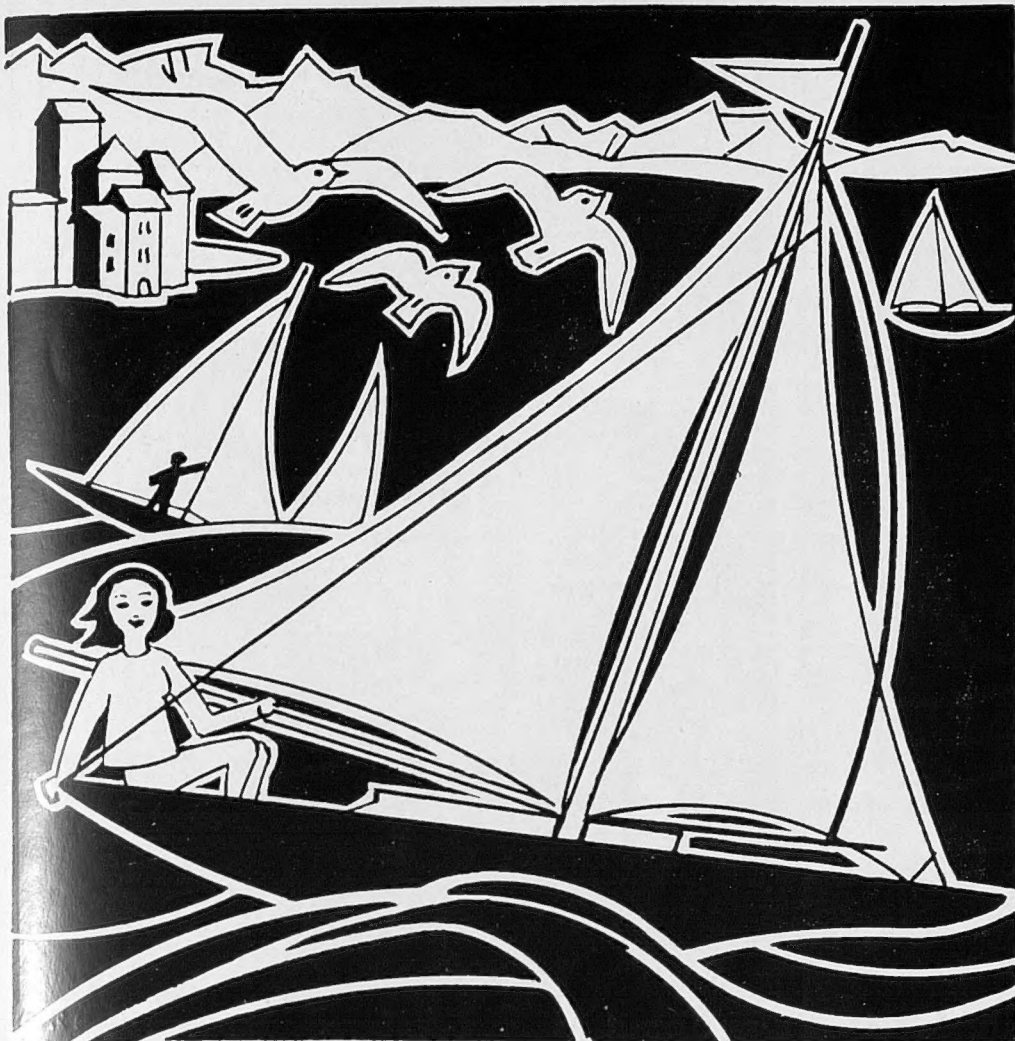
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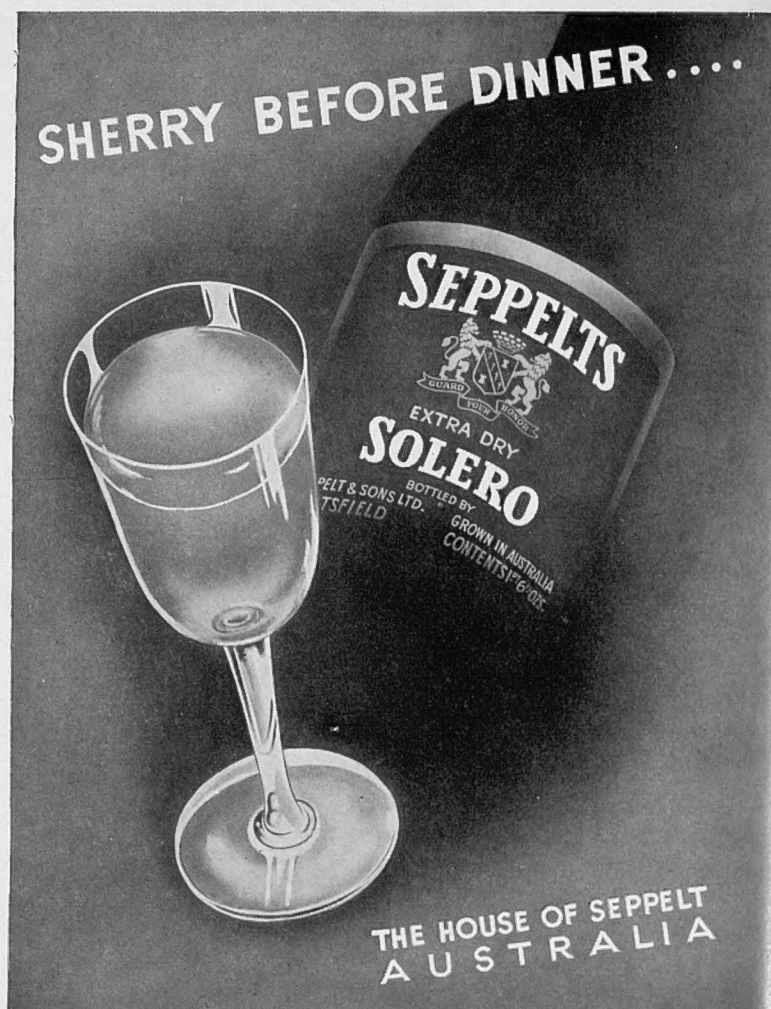
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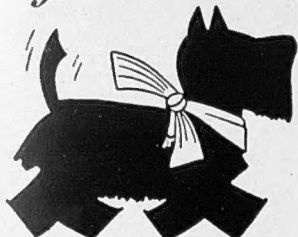
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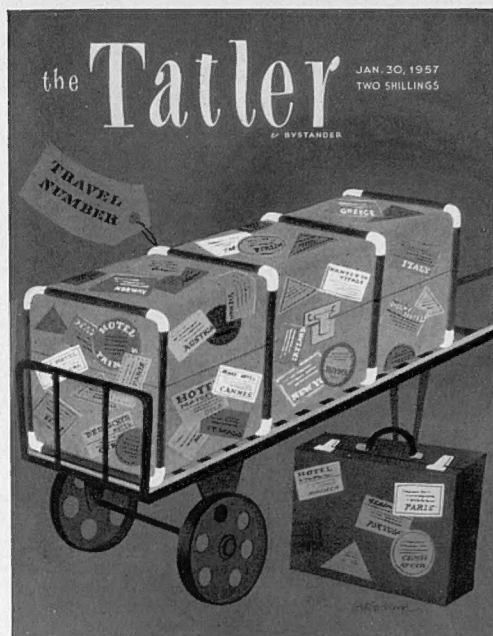
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## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From January 30 to February 6



THE TRAVEL NUMBER cover, designed by Leslie Wood, will brighten this bleak time of year with thoughts of faraway places. Holidays must go on, petrol rationing or no petrol rationing; generous allowances are probable for motoring visitors, and at a pinch there are other ways of seeing places. In this issue are ideas for where to go, how to get there, what to wear, what to eat and what kind of luggage to take with you

**Jan. 30 (Wed.)** The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester will attend the Australia Club Dinner at the Dorchester.

Boxing: England v. Ireland Amateur Tournament at the Royal Albert Hall.

**Jan. 31 (Thu.)** Wildfowl shooting ends.

Winter sports: Inter-Services Championships on Cresta Run, St. Moritz.

Concerts: Royal Choral Society and the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, in Verdi's Requiem at the Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Thomas Schippers, soloist Michael Rabin, at the Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m.

**Feb. 1 (Fri.)** Salmon fishing begins in England and Wales.

Pheasant and partridge shooting end.

Hunt Balls: The Grafton at Tynningham House, near Newport Pagnell; the Cotswold at the Queen's Hotel, Cheltenham.

Racing at Doncaster and Windsor.

**Feb. 2 (Sat.)** Winter Sports: World Boblet Championships at St. Moritz (two days).

Rugby Football: Scotland v. Wales at Murrayfield, Edinburgh.

World Travel Exhibition (to 9th), Corn Exchange, Brighton.

Cottesmore Hunt Ball, Exton Hall, Oakham.

Racing at Doncaster, Windsor, Sedgfield and Stratford-upon-Avon.

**Feb. 3 (Sun.)** Winter Sports: International Horse Racing on snow (Grand Prix) at St. Moritz.

Ski-ing: Hird Trophy (handicap slalom race), Ben Lawers, Killin, Perth.

Concert: London Symphony Orchestra (Grand Opera), conductor George Weldon, soloist Joan Hammond, Royal Albert Hall at 7.30 p.m.

**Feb. 4 (Mon.)** Aberdeen-Angus Bull Show (to 6th), Perth.

Association of Military Attaches Dinner Dance at the Dorchester.

Racing at Warwick.

**Feb. 5 (Tue.)** City of London Art Exhibition 1957 (to March 2, provisional date), Guildhall Art Gallery, London.

**Feb. 6 (Wed.)** Fifth Anniversary of the Accession of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.

New Zealand Day.

Association Football: F.A. Amateur XI v. U.A.U. Racing at Haydock Park.

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## A star of the Royal Ballet

SVETLANA BERIOSOVA, the ballerina, has created the part of the Princess in John Cranko's full-length work, "The Prince Of The Pagodas," a role which is especially suited to her exquisite grace and lightness. The Sadler's Wells company,

together with its junior Theatre Ballet, and the ballet school, have been incorporated by charter of the Queen into the Royal Ballet. Her Majesty is herself the Patron of the new organization and Princess Margaret the Royal Ballet's first President





MISS ZANDRA NOWELL performs an expert turn on the crusted snow run at Grindelwald while training for the Swiss Ladies' Ski Club races. Miss Nowell, who comes from Cheshire, was later runner-up in the British Ladies' Ski Championship at Wengen

*Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

## ON THE HOLIDAY FRONTIERS

LIKE many others, I have left England to find the sunshine. As this appears I hope to have just landed in Southern Rhodesia for a very brief stay, after ten days in South Africa. My first travel plan for 1957 has been to fly out in one of B.O.A.C.'s very comfortable services to Johannesburg (I am hoping to return in one of their very new fleet of Britannias on this route which come into commission on February 1) and then on to Cape Town, arriving in time for the opening of Parliament. The following day was due "the Metropolitan," the big summer race meeting, in Cape Town, about both of which I will be writing next week. January is a month when all who can, pack their bags and look for some sunshine for as long as possible. Although their journey may only take them as far as the English Riviera, one February I spent a very pleasant long weekend at the Imperial Hotel, Torquay, which is outstandingly comfortable, and enjoyed glorious sunshine. A little more distant are the Scilly Isles, which I personally have never yet visited, but from friends who have I hear that they are very unspoilt and unsophisticated, and the weather is usually mild and sunny at this time of the year. A most comfortable hotel there, where you can get a private bathroom with your bedroom (a comfort I rate higher than anything!), is Holgates Hotel.

FOR those who are energetic, there is nothing more exciting than a winter sports holiday to ski, skate, toboggan or curl in Switzerland, Austria or the French or Italian Alps, where the sun and snow combine to invigorate and make you feel fit. Several times I have enjoyed wonderful sunshine and watched others more athletic than myself enjoying ski-ing in splendid snow conditions during February. During this month I have stayed at the very luxurious Palace Hotel at St.

Moritz (run by the Badrutt family) which is always very gay, especially at this time of the year, when they have visitors from all parts of the world. This season some of the attractions in St. Moritz during February are the international horse races on snow (the Grand Prix) on February 3, the world championships for bobelets on the 2nd and 3rd, and the world bob championships on the 9th and 10th. The race for the Morgan Cup on the famous Cresta Run is for February 15, the Grand National from "top" on the same run on February 22; and the great ski race for the White Ribbon of St. Moritz and the Piz-Nair Gold Trophy on February 22-24.

THE night life is essentially gay and amusing, ranging from galas at the Palace and other hotels, informal and colourful dances at the Cheza Veglia, to parties in the skittle alleys, where you may find a schoolboy competing with a shipping millionaire!

Recent visitors to St. Moritz have included Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield, there for the British ski championships, Mrs. John de Laszlo, who took her two schoolboy sons, Mr. and Mrs. Stavro Niarchos, who bring their two little sons to the Palace Hotel for a long stay each winter, the Hon. Ben and Mrs. Bathurst, and the glamorous film star Linda Christian, who had her two children with her.

From St. Moritz I have generally gone on to Davos, a very easy journey. Here ski-ing on the famous Parsenn is perhaps the best in the world. The hotels are good, too. Among them I chose the luxury Grand and Belvedere right in the village, a hotel excellently run by the great ice hockey enthusiast, Monsieur Toni Morosani. Also there is the Fluella Post, which is much less sophisticated, but an ardent skier's dream, as it is in Davos-Dorf and very near the Parsenn Funicular, so that most visitors here can be up at the top of the runs soon after an early breakfast; Monsieur Gredig is the proprietor.



I have visited and thoroughly enjoyed various places in the Bernese Oberland, too. Among these I think of Gstaad, where I stayed one February at the superbly comfortable Gstaad-Palace, where Monsieur Ernst Scherz was supervising with quiet efficiency. Sir Denys and the Hon. Lady Lawson and their family have been among visitors there recently. Another delightful but much smaller hotel at Gstaad is the Park Reuteler, where I had an excellent dinner with friends one evening. From here I went on to Grindelwald, where the ladies' international ski races were in full swing, and stayed at the Park-Hotel, Schoenegg, very efficiently run by Mr. A. D. Stettler. This is a charming, unsophisticated little place with good runs all round, and very gay in the true and happy Swiss style after dark. Sir Arnold Lunn, who perhaps one should describe as "the grand old man of ski-ing," and Lady Mabel Lunn, are once again at the Palace Hotel at Mürren, which I found excellent during a short visit in January a couple of years ago. Mürren, like Grindelwald, is an exceptionally good place for young boys and girls in the Christmas holidays, as ski trials, competitions, and all sorts of amusements are well organized for them every day.

Before I leave Switzerland, a word about Weingen, which, like St. Moritz, I hope to visit towards the end of next month. I stay at the Palace Hotel, where the Borter family have made guests so comfortable for many years. With many new ski lifts and the cable railway up the Mannlichen, ski-ing facilities are first class, and can be good until late in the season, with Scheidegg so near. Lengeir is another resort where the young are well catered for in the Christmas holidays. Another Swiss resort where ski-ing is much more pleasant late in the season, as it is combined with longer hours of sunshine, is Zermatt. This is a delightful little village which has excellent hotels, of which I found the Mount Cervin very comfortable, with good food.

**A**USTRIA I have always found gay and amusing, even during the years when snow was short. First to my mind comes Kitzbühel—an enchanting fairytale village, but at an altitude of 2,503 ft., where ski-ing is amusing, if not perhaps up to the demands of the very experienced. The night life is extremely bright, with traditional Austrian gaiety, and reminded me of an unsophisticated St. Moritz, as there are so many places of amusement after dark. Of the many good hotels here I chose the Weisses Ross and was very contented, while friends stayed happily at the Tiefenbrunner and the much larger Grand Hotel, which is not right in the village. Prince William of Gloucester has been among young visitors to Kitzbühel this month.

I also thoroughly enjoyed a visit in early February to the very well run Post Hotel at St. Anton, where Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, Prince Bernhard and their daughters have stayed several times for winter sports holidays. The young Princesses have been there again this year. St. Anton is at an altitude of 4,278 ft., and with the new high powered double chair lifts up to Gampen, 5,609 ft., and Kapall, over 7,000 ft., it provides some of the best ski-ing in the world.

The French and Italian Alps I have never visited, but from friends who have been there, I have heard of the delights of Chamonix, Megeve, Val d'Isère and Meribel les Allues in France, and Sestriere and Cortina in Italy. Then for really hardy skiers there is Norway, but that is a country I have only visited in the summer. I sincerely hope to return there one day.

**T**HE not-so-energetic, who would perhaps like to play a little golf or tennis in the sunshine, can fly or take the Blue Train to the South of France—an easy trip either way. Here you usually find sunshine and glorious spring flowers, though in February I have never found it much warmer than a good April day in England. Both Cannes and Monte Carlo have a winter season right through from Christmas to the end of March, with galas, ballet and good music. From Monte Carlo, where I hope to be for the exquisite Rose Gala at the Sporting Club on February 8, I hear that when the oil shortage arose owing to the Suez crisis, both the Hotel de Paris and the Hermitage at once reverted to coal and coke for their heating, so that both hotels are as warm and comfortable as ever.

A little farther, but also easily accessible by air, is Algieras, which several friends are visiting this spring. They are planning to stay at the Reina Christina Hotel which I hear is outstandingly comfortable. Slightly more distant is the ever-popular Madeira, with its luxurious Reid's Hotel; Sir William and Lady Mabane, who travelled out in the Union-Castle liner Stirling Castle, were among the many visitors who spent Christmas there. A slightly longer journey takes you to the Canary Isles, which are usually full of sunshine in February. Lady Gloria Flower told me a few weeks ago that she and her husband, who badly needed a holiday, hoped to spend a week or two there next month.

For those who have time to go farther afield to really hot sunshine, there are the West Indies and the Bahamas, with Bermuda on the way. While you will probably get plenty of sunshine in Bermuda, I found that in February the winds were cold and it was never warm enough to bathe. To get to either of these three places you can go by boat—these are rather few and far between—or you can fly very

[Continued overleaf]



## AN ALPINE HOLIDAY

AMONG skiers at the Corviglia Club, St. Moritz, recently were Mrs. Margot Essaye, Miss Pauline Haywood and Sen. Francisco de Yturbe (above)

Prince Constantin de Liechtenstein and Mrs. J. Page

Marchese Salina with Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Guinness



Dr. R. H. Schloss

Signorina Antonella Piaggio and  
Senorita Leonor Filesari

M. Alexandre Berger with  
Miss Maria Felix



## PHILIPPA AND HER MOTHER

MRS. PAUL C. HYDE-THOMSON photographed with her younger daughter, Philippa Jane, who was born in July last year. Mrs. Hyde-Thomson was before her marriage in 1950 Miss Zoe d'Erlanger, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger. She is a goddaughter of the late Duke of Kent



Lenore

easily. B.O.A.C. have a direct flight to Bermuda, Nassau and Jamaica once a week. Alternatively, you can cross to New York by sea or air, and fly down. These flights are quite frequent and very easy; I have several times flown via New York and the direct flight, both ways with the greatest ease in mid-winter. In the West Indies, of course, Montego Bay comes first to one's mind, as it is the most social resort on the island. Here one sees many of the same faces as in the season in London, Paris, Deauville, St. Moritz, Venice or the South of France. Of the hotels Sunset Lodge, right on the sea, which Mrs. Carmen Pringle runs most luxuriously, is the most famous and the most in demand. There are several other good hotels in the town, and for the past couple of years many visitors have gone to the newly-erected Roundhill, just outside Montego, with its own superb silvery beach and little bay, which on two visits staying there I have found delightful. Here is a colony of small modern luxury villas (most of them privately owned), and a very modern hotel, also exceptionally well run by Mrs. Pringle's son, Mr. John Pringle.

Among the English visitors who own villas here are Viscount and Viscountess Ednam who visit theirs each year, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barford, who left England in the middle of this month to spend six weeks out there, and Lord and Lady Monson who went out soon after Christmas and had their

younger son with them. Their pretty daughter the Hon. Sandra Monson was flying out to join the family party later after a winter sports holiday. They originally owned the land and now have a superb villa just up above Roundhill, as well as a lovely home in Bermuda. For those who want to live a less social life (at Montego Bay during the season there is a continual round of cocktail parties, dinner parties, river parties and barbecues on the moonlit beaches) I should suggest they stayed up around Ocho Rios, which is a beautiful part of the island.

HERE the first place I would choose would be the Shaw Park Hotel, where I was extremely comfortable. This stands high up above the sea, so that it is never too hot, and is set in a most beautiful garden. A car is always standing by to take you up and down to bathe or sunbathe on the private beach, where most people also lunch. Two other good hotels around here are Jamaica Inn and Sans Souci, which are right on the sea. I have lunched and dined at both but never stayed at either.

Quite a number of English friends have lovely homes in this part of the island. They include Earl and Countess Beatty, whose place Roaring River I think is one of the most beautiful houses on the island. Sir Harold and Lady Mitchell and their little daughter Mary-



Mr. F. de May and Mrs. S. Schwarzburg-Gunther



Miss Anne de Steensen-Leth, Count Ahlfeldt and Miss Louise Von Schwerin



Mme. H. Cools with Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P.



Jane are spending the winter at Prospect, a very fine old house in the most heavenly grounds, and the Earl and Countess of Mansfield I heard were going out again this spring to stay at the charming home they built a few years ago just above Ochos Rios. Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Vaughan have charming houses up in the north of the island, also Mrs. Cazalet-Keir, who is tearing herself away from all her ties here—including being a Governor of the B.B.C. and running a market garden and flower shop—to stay at her Jamaican home, Out of the Blue, near Discovery Bay. She is accompanied this time by her niece, Miss Sheran Cazalet. The Earl of Dudley, who under doctor's orders had to seek the sunshine for two months, flew out to the Bahamas just before Christmas, as did Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine and Sir Roland and Lady Robinson who all have houses out there.

IN contrast, and leaving the sunshine of Nassau, were the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly and their daughter, Lady Caroline Knox. Lord Ranfurly's term as Governor of the Bahamas, a post he has filled so exceptionally well, ended in December, and they have just arrived home. His successor is Mr. Oswald Raynor Arthur, who was formerly Governor of the Falkland Islands.

Among others visiting Nassau this winter are the Earl of Dundonald, Nancy Viscountess Astor, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Holt, who have a home out at Lyford Cay, and his brother and sister-in-law, Major and Mrs. Herbert Holt, who have a lovely home the other end of Nassau. Their sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Holt, has recently been on a world tour, and was expected back early this month at her enchanting home Bali-Hi at Lyford Cay, where she always entertains a large number of friends during the season.

Also out at their homes at Lyford Cay are Mr. and Mrs. Allan Miller from Pennsylvania, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnston down from Montreal. Other Canadians at their Nassau homes are Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Taylor, who bought Tamarind from Sir Francis and Lady Peake last year, and Mr. and Mrs. Eric Philips who have a house right on the sea near the town. Commander and Mrs. Jimmy Dugdale also went out early this month to their home on nearby Hog Island.

TRAVELLERS to other parts of the world since the New Year include the great Italian painter Pietro Annigoni, who hoped to finish his portrait of the Duke of Edinburgh before he left. He has flown out to India to finish one of the lovely Ranees of Jaipur on which he is working. Mr. and Mrs. Guy Coleridge have also gone out to India regularly for some years past, and Lady Willoughby de Broke recently told me that she and her husband hoped to fly out to India for a visit this month. Lord McGowan and his daughter the Hon. Mrs. D'Arcy Stephens have gone by sea to South America.

Lord and Lady Glentoran's only daughter, the Hon. Clare Dixon, sailed early in the New Year for a three-months trip to Australia and back, in the Orcades. The two Newmarket trainers, Mr. Jack Jarvis, with his wife, and Mr. Barling, also went by sea to South Africa to enjoy a good rest in the sunshine before the flat racing season begins. Sir Jeremiah Colman, Sir Jeremy and Lady Raisman, and Mrs. Cherry Kearton who is revisiting her childhood home, were others who chose South Africa and went out on one of the Union-Castle liners, while Mr. Alfred and the Hon. Mrs. Bostock did the same journey in one of the very comfortable ships of the Ellerman Line.



## BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

THE Luxembourg Ambassador and Mme. Clasen held a reception at Claridge's, in honour of the birthday of the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg. Above: M. and Mme. Clasen with Mme. C. W. Dumont



Mme. Schreiber, Lady Kindersley and the Peruvian Ambassador, H.E. Dr. Rivera Schreiber



Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys and Mme. Prebensen



The Princess of Berar with the Philippine Ambassador, H.E.M. Leon Guerrero and his wife

Desmond O'Neill





Gliding in the uplifting thermals of the mountains is proving a most popular, gay pastime in Switzerland

Fishing is a great sport in Norway. The River Strand near Voss is well stocked with fish



In Portugal, where the modern is juxtaposed to the age-long, port wine is transported by traditional ox-cart



## THE WORLD AWAITS YOUR PLEASURE

*ANTHONY CRASK writes of early travel possibilities in Europe and then extends his survey to include those places that faster travel have put within our eager reach. He has ended his round-up at June, feeling that by then the season should care for itself*

### AUSTRIA

THIS vacation resort—for the whole country seems to effervesce in a state of perpetual holiday—exudes an immense and immediate charm. There is something intimate about even its most forbidding mountains, and its people are most friendly, its architecture memorable, its cuisine in the confectionary line delightful and unforgettable. By now its higher altitudes are alive with winter sports lovers. The latest ski-ing paradise is Dachstein, which the cable railway made accessible last year. The Krippenstein peak (6,800 ft.) can be reached after February, and the Krippenstein Hotel is the obvious place to stay.

Until the middle of spring, Vienna has its winter programme, and its famous balls are taking place. Masked processions are an Austrian feature: Gastein, Imst, Mariazell and elsewhere. By May Carinthia is blossoming, and on two hundred lakes till October bathers, yachtsmen, fishermen and sybaritic sun-worshippers will bronze against the lovely countryside. Velden on the Worther See is the resort, but many there are cheaper—for Austria can be as inexpensive as Germany—and more charming around these waters. Petrol unrationed. Exchange 72 Austrian Sch. to £1.

### BELGIUM

Familiarity should not breed contempt. The pleasantest of holidays can be spent in Belgium. The country is small; its rail system, much of it electrified, is the densest in Europe. All the country is therefore at your disposal; and this, certainly until the season and the climate gets into its swing, is by far the best way to arrange an early exploration. Occasions are the "Chinels" (costumed dancers) at Fosses on March 11, the blessing and visit to the orchards in blossom at Sint-Truiden on April 15, and the traditional procession of the Holy Blood in Bruges on May 7, with the town illuminated in the evening. This most famous ceremony crams the city to bursting point for the religious fervour is great. The visitor, who should certainly experience it, is advised to stay outside the town.

Elsewhere at this season the hotels are not crowded, prices, which are normally higher than ours, are lower, and the lovely châteaux and somnolent canals can be observed at leisure. But check the times of visiting; the splendid renaissance château of Chimay, for instance, cannot be seen before March 15. Petrol unrationed; but maximum speed of 50 m.p.h. Exchange F140 to £1.

### FRANCE

Two main areas stand out at this time of the year for French holidays. The winter sports districts of the Massif Central, the Haute Savoie, the Vosges and thereabouts. But since little else is done but ski-ing the French resorts are rarely crowded with foreign holiday-makers. Chamonix is naturally a big exception,





*This fine view of Montoro in the province of Cordoba has been taken from across the river*

and the Val d'Isère is achieving fame for the quality of its sport. To English travellers, however, France in winter and spring is the Riviera. Here, from now until the spas season opens, calling them all northwards, visitors watch the carnival gaiety of this coast. February 21-March 7: Nice Spring Festival linked with antique ceremonies, culminates in the celebrated and always memorable battle of flowers. The Cannes Mimosa Fête also takes place during the month.

One of the most unforgettable—once seen—of French customs is the fête of the Jonquil at Gérardmer in the Vosges. No date can be given. All depends on the flowering of the wild jonquil when, the snows having gone and the Vosges slopes being sheathed in their nodding heads, the whole town is decorated and a floral procession held. May 1 in Arles is the Cattlerangers fête, and at Macon on May 11-20 is the National Exhibition of French Wines, which should prove attractive and instructive at the same time. Cost of living variable, depending on your knowledge of Le Beau Pays. Exchange 985f. to £1.

## HOLLAND

One of the best times to visit Holland is in the spring. Then the glory of the bulb fields is so unforgettably lovely that the least flower-conscious are enchanted. Haarlem to Leyden is a dazzling kaleidoscope. The climax is the Keukenhof National flower show at Lisse. This old wooded estate is open from March until the end of May. Go from Leyden, which is reached from London via Harwich and Hook, or by one of the many daily flights to Schiphol airport, Amsterdam.

Utrecht, a little farther south, will be holding its International Spring Fair from April 2-11. From April 17 "Madurodam," the Lilliputian town in The Hague, which shows Dutch town development from A.D. 1000 to present times, opens for the summer. A similar attraction is a miniature Walcheren in Middelburg, capital of the province. Petrol is unrationed, but many garages are closed on Sundays. Cost of living average. Exchange: Guilders 10.60 to £1.

## GERMANY

It is still winter sports time, from the Harz mountains to Upper Bavaria. The Eifel district is the most westerly, but its season is over by the end of February. Obviously the best bet for late winter sports is the southern mountain area, particularly Garmisch-Partenkirchen. Here ice rink, ice hockey, curling, tobogganing, bobsleighting, ski jumps and all manner of pleasures

satisfy the visitor mightily. The town is well served by express trains. For those who wish to ski only, the Zugspitze at 8,500 ft. provides late sport. The Scheeferner Hotel can be reached by road from Garmisch.

Farther afield this month carnivals are held on Sunday and Rose Monday with masked balls, processions and gala sessions: Düsseldorf, Mainz, Cologne and many another place. Away from the main spots, Germany is cheap indeed. Exchange: DM.11.76 to £1.



*To the British, Florence is as well known as Rome. A typical scene in Piazza della Signoria*

## ITALY AND SICILY

Spring is a time of traditional festivals. Florence holds its "Scoppio del Carro" on Easter Saturday when a pyramid of fireworks in the Cathedral Square is set off by a mechanical dove driven from the altar at High Mass. Viareggio's carnival arrangements are most grandiose: the fantasy of the local workers is lavished on enormous allegorical and light-hearted wagons in the procession. On the cultural side the Grand Opera Season will be drawing to a close in April and May.

Towards the end of May (24) Palermo will start holding a Mediterranean Festival. Fly to Catania and thence by rail. As you travel southwards you shorten the chances of assured bathing, skin-diving, aqualung fishing and yachting, etc., Naples even in May is in the seventies. Petrol is not rationed. The traveller can acquire subsidized coupons. Cost of living lower than here, but if you *must* have English food, you'll pay for it! Exchange: 1,170 lire to £1.

## SWITZERLAND

Winter sports for its devotees can, of course, be had in full measure. But curling, ski-ing, skating and bobsleighting do not appeal to all, and for those who like to spread their interests this small country can provide topics. In Davos itself golf, swimming and fishing are to be found. So, too, with St. Moritz. Gruyère, on the other hand, is redolent with pastoral pleasures, walking, fishing and, of course, cheese.

Towards the end of February and at the beginning of March, carnivals are everywhere encountered. Soleure with processions, masquerading and balls; Baden, the sentencing and burning of the

*[Continued overleaf]*





*Capital of the Haute-Savoie. A photograph of the lovely town of Annecy showing the qualities that endear France and its towns to the English*



*This arboreous plage is Cap Ferrat, in the Riviera country, though it might be some remote tree-lined lagoon*

*Palms in quantity can be found lining the sands of Bermudan beaches. In these places sailing is possible in beautiful inland waterways, such as at Mangrove Bay*



"Fudliburger"; Lucerne, "Fritschi and Wey" processions, masquerading and balls. In March also spring mountain ski tours are frequent. Gstaad and Engelberg are points of departure. And for many who simply wish to relax the forested slopes of the Canton of Ticino to Lake Maggiore cannot be beaten. Swissair have instituted a new service. Davos can now be reached by air from Zurich in Twin Pioneer aircraft. These British-made short-take-off and landing planes work till the season's end. Hotels fill easily; prices not in the bargain class. Exchange: 12fr. to £1.

## YUGOSLAVIA

Despite increasing popularity with holidaymakers it is still not expensive. Luxury hotels vary between, roughly, £1 10s. and £3 10s. a day. Spring is a good time to vacation here particularly on the southern coast line. May welcomes bathers wholeheartedly, sailing among the thousand islands that agreeably line the coast is an exhilarating pastime, and the Adriatic teems with fish. Aqualung sport is as popular here as on the French Riviera, which is to say, too popular. Dubrovnik is a breathtaking town: it preserves intact the appearance it has had since it was a minute republic. It is ideal for those who only like lazing in the open when it is *really* hot. For them, cafés, night clubs, theatres are present for the full enjoyment of an early holiday. Exchange: 1,120 dinars (tourist rate) to £1.

## DENMARK

This period is not the official time to visit this charming little country. Yet if the quiet pleasures of gay cities, good food, a cheap night life, and happy carefree people appeal, Denmark is the place for you. By May the season is beginning. On the 1st the Tivoli Gardens open again, and from the 17th to the end of the month the Royal Danish Ballet musical festival is on. The hotels are reasonable and offer rather better value for the money than here. Petrol is rationed. Exchange: 19kr. 35öre to £1.

## NORWAY

Winter sport will hold sway for some time here. An experiment in travel is the fortnight's ski touring with dog sleigh teams to carry baggage. It prospects Nordmarka, the vast open air country near Oslo. Last two tours are on February 2 and 16. Ski jumping from the Holmenkoll jump in Oslo reaches its climax on March 1-3. Special cruises take place from February to April to the great cod fisheries in the Lofoten islands. Even more remarkable is the herring season (in February) when these seas appear literally to boil with silvery fish.

The M.S. Brand leaves Andalsnes every Sunday in the month when the Oslo train has arrived. The trip takes two days. The sun pageant during the month in Narvik marks a return of the sun after three months' darkness, and on March 4-9 another ceremony is held at Ryukan. Petrol limited. Exchange: Kr. 20 to £1. £250 permitted above the continental allowance (and to Sweden and Denmark).

## SWEDEN

Few other Scandinavian countries have more exciting possibilities for the period. Sweden has much fine ski-ing to offer the winter holiday enthusiast who has been unable to get away early. In Lapland the snow is hard and deep into May. Here the Lapp fair is held at Gallivare on March 22-23. Then the Lapps trade and junket before moving their reindeer to the mountain pastures. This can be most rewardingly combined with ski-ing. To get there, fly by international line to Stockholm, and then take the domestic service to nearby Kiruna: £57.

Less dependent on the weather are the Swedish Equestrian Games to be held in Stockholm in May. Fish are still plentiful in Sweden, and unlicensed. Pike are in season from the end of May; trout from June. In Sweden, though petrol is not rationed, it cannot be used at the weekends. The standard of living approximates to Britain's. Exchange: 14kr.40. to £1.

## PORTUGAL

Nobody could possibly call the more popular centres of this country cheap. Estoril has all conceivable cosmopolitan pleasures,



including a fine, if tricky, golf course. But in the north game fishing and angling, and sailing, can be practised freely, as can shooting. Since Portugal is a Catholic country, picturesque religious ceremonies abound. Mourão brings in the first three days of February with the festival of Our Lady of the Candles, Portimão at the time (2-5) celebrates Carnival and Almond Blossom with three days of junketing. If for no other reason the province of Algarve, in which these places are, should be visited now for the almond blossom is breathtaking. Braga should certainly be visited in Holy Week (April 18-21). The city is the oldest Roman Christian pilgrimage centre in Galicia.

Portugal's southerly position means that bathing and sunbathing, yachting and fishing are almost always possible. Aquila run their comfortable flying-boat service to Lisbon. Or go by Booth or Royal Mail lines. Exchange: 80.50 escudos to £1.

## SPAIN

Here you will find some of the earliest hot weather in Europe. By April Alicante is 70 deg. and by May 81 deg. Here then, all the summer sports can start while we at home in Britain are contending with snow. But warnings. Underwater fishing needs licences; beach wear is for the beach; bikinis are forbidden though this curtailment of sunbathing is only fully in force at the big resorts: elsewhere, more toleration should be encountered.

Spain abounds in festivities. On March 10-19 Valencia has the "Fallas" of St. Joseph. Includes bullfight and culminates in the burning of effigies in the streets. April 21-24 is the time of Murcia's spring festivals with more bullfights and battles of flowers at 72 deg. Just after this (to May 2) Seville starts its Spring Fair; magnificent colourful processions and regional dancing. The State-run Parador hotels in out of the way places are comfortable good value rather than cheap. No rationing of fuel, except diesel oil. Exchange 110 pesetas to £1.

## BERMUDA AND THE WEST INDIES

Bermuda is hard to beat for the perfect holiday. Its October to March temperatures average 66 deg.; April-June 70 deg. British style clothing is ideally suited. For recreation, yachting, game fishing aplenty—no licences required for either—riding, golfing (no less than three good courses) and from April onwards swimming and sun-bathing. Although you can fish all the year round, mid-April to October is the big time. No night clubs entice the late to bed, though some hotels run their own cabarets. Bermuda is strict about beachwear, "for the beach only." Cost of living appreciably higher—hotels £3 10s. to £8 10s. a day *en pension*—but a better standard. B.O.A.C. run bi-weekly. Pacific Steam Navigation Co. have a direct passenger service.

## BAHAMAS

Nassau in the Bahamas is old fashioned only in that it sticks rigidly to the code of "the season." On May 1 the season is over, the weather is getting hot (80 deg. plus), but before that everything that the traveller could want for a warm relaxed vacation has been provided. Swimming and water ski-ing in abundance, skin-diving and Aqualung sport with, for those of hardy sensibilities, spear fishing. The islands about Nassau are ideal for sailing and big-game fishing. Golf at the Bahamas Country Club. Cost of living high, but after all it's a luxury life. B.O.A.C. once a week from London, or P.S.N.C. every six weeks from Liverpool.

## SOUTH AFRICA

South Africa has everything all the year round for an open air vacation. Constant sun, at temperatures to suit all brows, bathing, fishing and surf-riding and sunbathing in plenty everywhere. Inland more fishing, riding and superb golf courses. For cricket lovers the fourth Test Match is at Johannesburg on February 15-20 and the fifth at Port Elizabeth on March 1-6.

Or else there are ostrich farms to see; and such natural phenomena as the Cango Caves, or Kruger National Park. Go down a gold mine! Three times a week this can be done in the Johannesburg fields. Don't think that you can just walk in—apply early. The airport is only a day's flight from Europe. Twelve airlines run scheduled services. Cape Town to Britain is a fortnight's sailing away, but the voyage is also a luxury cruise.



*Far from the places described in Mr. Crask's article is lovely Ceylon, where visitors can see Weligama beach in the island's beautiful south*



*In his resplendent traditional costume, a Kandyan dancer illustrates a typical pose during a ceremonial measure*

*Meditation in silent prayer plays a large part in Asian life, as these two monks at Anuradhapura show. Ceylon can be reached by P. & O. liners, which call regularly*



F. J. Goodman





## Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

WITH so many of my colleagues, all around me, writing about the pleasures of travel, I am led to muse upon such ancient saws as that travel broadens the mind. The best footnote upon which expression of a pious hope was that of Dr. Johnson, who observed (if I remember right) that "a man must carry knowledge with him, if he would bring home knowledge."

Which reminds me of a journey before the war on that wonderful railway line between Oslo and Bergen—a scenic railway, if ever there was one—that climbs to more than four thousand feet, up through a wilderness of rock and snow where neither beast nor tree can live, and where there are winter sports at midsummer. I had left Oslo sweltering in an August heat-wave but there, sure enough, as we climbed to the top of Norway's mountain backbone, were the glaciers glittering in the sun. "What's that shiny white stuff?" asked the stranger with whom I had found myself sharing my luncheon table in the dining car—a sweet-faced, middle-aged American woman.

"Ice, madam: those are glaciers."

"Ice! Aw, no. Not in August, and in this hot, bright sunshine. It's some kind of white rock. . . ."

"But I assure you, madam. . . ."

She smiled tolerantly, and said, "No, you can't make me

believe that. It's some kind of white, shiny rock, and the peasants just *think* it's ice."

"But really," I said patiently. "Surely, in your own country—for I take you to be an American—surely, in the Far West, in the Rockies, there are peaks so high that there's ice all the year round: ice and snow and glaciers?"

And the firm, let's-have-no-more-nonsense answer: "I come from Boston, and they never told *me*."

It was this same sweet American woman who, noting the tiny crowns on the buttons of the Royal Air Force blazer I was wearing, said, "You must be in the King's service?"

"Well, yes: I suppose, in a manner of speaking, I am."

And she leaned forward, very earnestly and confidentially, and whispered, "How is he?"

ON this same railway journey I learned, too, how travel can, in fact, broaden the mind—or, at any rate, the vocabulary—of the stay-at-homes among whom other people travel. The dining-car attendant, a good-looking Norwegian boy, having heard both me and my companion speak English, offered us salad by saying to her, "To-may-toes, madam?" And to me, "To-mah-toes, sir?" Could knowledge of a foreign language go further?



I KNOW that it is the fashion to tell gruesome stories that prove either the British or the Americans, or both, to be the most insular of travellers abroad, but I am not so sure. Some folk are insular in their own country: have you ever heard a Venetian or a Milanese explaining that Africa begins at the Po, or affecting not to understand a Neapolitan? How often, for that matter, does one find French people holidaying abroad? And how do the few behave that do?

It is understandable, of course. Conscientious, as every Frenchman is, that his country is the most beautiful in the world, with incomparably the most superb cooking, and the finest wines, he tut-tuts his way through every other, when he must, blind to the scenery, dubious about the wines, and downright condemnatory about the food.

It was a most distinguished and, indeed, cosmopolitan Frenchman with whom I found myself at a great reception in Italy, where the food at the cold buffet—to my grateful English palate—was delicious, and the Italian white wine (a Soave, I suppose) cool and refreshing in the hot Venetian night. My French friend put his nose to the delicately dry and fragrant wine, rolled his eyes in a grimace of resignation, and said, "The Italians call a lot of things *vino* that we should never call *vin* in France."

★     ★     ★

SOMEbody has recorded of that great music-hall personality, Gertie Gitana, who died this month, that she had the unusual distinction of having had her name absorbed into Cockney rhyming slang. "Gitana" provided a much-needed rhyme for "banana," and by dropping the final word of the phrase (which often happens in rhyming slang, so that eventually the slang word doesn't rhyme at all with the word it does duty for), a "bunch of Gerties" in Covent Garden means, to this day, a bunch of bananas.

The scholarly contributor to the *Manchester Guardian* who makes these observations was wrong, though, in suggesting that the only other proper name thus enshrined in modern folk lore was that of Tod Sloan, the jockey of Victorian days, in "on your tod," which derives from the fact that "Sloan" rhymes with "on your own." The late Gertie Gitana must frequently have trodden the same music-hall boards as Harry Tate, and in rhyming slang "a Harry Tate" is still a plate.

An expert on Londoners' lingo told me, a couple of years ago, that there has been little in the way of additions to rhyming slang for a long time now, though it still has the characteristics of a living language—the elements of organic change.

All the same, it is really a matter of showing-off now, when a stranger butts into a pub full of Cockneys, and they think to put on a special performance, to dazzle, entertain, or deliberately freeze him out.

## INVOCATION

(With many apologies)

Hail to thee, blithe spirit  
As thou wert before  
Full of might and merit,  
Alike for rich and poor,  
Ever pouring from a never ending store.  
Faster still and faster  
Thou served the world with speed,  
Who hast become our master  
With "standstill" as thy creed,  
Skyward climbs thy price with our urgent need.  
Spirit, thou art fickle,  
Faithless, without force,  
If the merest trickle  
Rationed at the source  
Dries up altogether—"My kingdom for a horse!"

—Leslie M. Oyster

.     .     .

Then, of course, there will be certain to be some tedious wag who will ask for a Walter Scott of pig's ear, on which he will swear he couldn't get elephant's, because it's half fisherman's daughter—and so on, until he pours it down his bushel and peck, and takes a ball o'chalk back to his Pope o' Rome. In other words, will ask for a pot of beer, on which he couldn't get drunk ("elephant's" = "elephant's trunk" = "drunk") because it's half water, so he pours it down his neck, and takes a walk back to his home.

★     ★     ★

THE letters from the Prime Minister to his colleagues and former colleagues, as the Cabinet was re-formed—"Dear Patrick" and "Dear Gwilym," "Dear Antony" and "Dear Walter," and so on—were yet another reminder of how firm a grip, now, the habit of using first names has upon all of us.

I happened to pick up Sir Winston Churchill's life of his father, and although I see that the great Lord Salisbury used to address him as "My dear Randolph"—but then Lord Salisbury was the Prime Minister, and greatly Lord Randolph's senior—colleagues and old friends, such as Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Hartington, and Labouchère, all wrote to him as "My dear Churchill," or "Dear Churchill," simply. The Queen's private secretary was addressed, "Dear Sir Henry Ponsonby," in full, and replied, "Dear Lord Randolph."

It was odd, though, to notice that in two letters written within a couple of days of each other, Joseph Chamberlain once subscribed himself, "Yours sincerely," and once "Yours ever." I should not have thought the latter form to have been in general use as long ago as 1886, though it is so usual now that all Mr. Macmillan's letters were so subscribed.

IT is only within the last twenty years or so, surely, that the habit has developed of addressing people in the same walk of life as oneself, even though they are strangers, by their Christian names. When I was first a journalist, in Manchester, just as when I was at school, and at Oxford, surnames were the general rule, between boys and men; first names were for the family, and between girls. It was only when I came to Fleet Street, in 1939, that people began to call me by my first name (which I dislike, anyway). So there are old friends who call me by my last name, and newer friends who call me by my first.

I have often wondered how the public figures of stage and football field and television screen take to the intensive Christian-naming they undergo from friends and strangers alike. Indeed, it has sometimes occurred to me whether, as a mark of great and intimate favour, I might be permitted to address my friend of some years past, everybody else's "Gilbert," as my own Mr. Harding.

BRIGGS

by Graham







## EAST, WEST, A TRAIN'S BEST

• R. C. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW •

SOME pompous ass once said that it's better to travel hopefully than to arrive. I couldn't agree less. For, if you travel hopefully and don't arrive, it means either that you will be waking up among the back row of the celestial orchestra, or that you've got into the wrong train. Again, even if you do arrive after travelling hopefully, the strain of hoping is bad for the system.

The solution, therefore, is to travel neither with nor without hope; to proceed from point A to point B in a state of Nirvana, and to avoid playing cards with strangers. Another good tip is to wear your ticket on a string round your neck, so that you can go to sleep and the collector can peruse it, punch it, or pinch it, as he likes.

And here may I, please, remark that this brief if scholarly brochure will be no help to those who like to travel faster than sound and to be caught up by their overnight snores while stepping from the plane into the morning air of New York or Peking. Leisure is the essence of travel.

FOR instance, if you are going to Australia, don't fly from Perth (Western Australia) to Adelaide. Some would say, don't leave Perth at all. The people there are hospitable, the pony-trotting races are entertaining, and the laughing jackasses on the golf-course are amused by nearly every stroke. But, if you must proceed Eastwards from Perth, go by train. The food is generous, and the horsehair-sofas in the observation-car restful, if rather slippery, perches.

If, however, you consider Australia too far, France too expensive, Spain too full of bulls, and Italy too full of art galleries, you will doubtless be taking a holiday in Great Britain. Very well. Don't bemoan the petrol shortage; and don't bother to envy those erstwhile friends who have landed a supplementary supply. That way lies an early grave. Just think what you have missed through *not* travelling by automobile.

You will not have to sit beside a driver who keeps to the crown of the road and points out objects of no interest to star-board and to port. There will be no pedantic topographer with a road-map on his knee repeating "I'm pretty sure we ought to have taken that turn to the left three miles back just beyond the roundabout." No one will be asking whether that strange sound is caused by a loose, even immoral, windscreen-wiper or by an imperfectly closed boot. No one will say, "When did we last fill up with oil, if we did?"

THERE will be no argument about whether to cross the Border via Newcastle or Carlisle. There will be no talk about turning off, only nine miles or so, to have a cup of tea at Aunt Daisy's.

Yes, train is best. Though there is still something to be said for the bicycle. If it's to be a bicycle, may I suggest that you send your heavy luggage by sea and travel Westwards. The innkeepers in the New Forest like to see you. At Salisbury you can enjoy the same views of the cathedral that were once drawn by Mr. Pecksniff's architectural pupils.

But, if you pin me down to exactitude, I would say at once, "Take the train to Brighton; towards evening." There's just time on the journey to read the first chapter of that thriller and to knock back a couple in the refreshment car. Be lulled to sleep by the sea on the shingle. Next morning, have a look at George the Fourth's Pavilion, of which the Reverend Sydney Smith remarked, "It looked as if St. Paul's Cathedral had come down to Brighton and littered." Then go out to Roedean School for Girls, which has produced some of the toughest hockey-players that ever made shin-guards seem like tissue-paper. Come back then and go on the Piers, both of them. Weigh yourself. Pay a penny to see What The Butler Saw. Then do it all again. A man who is tired of Piers is tired of life.





*Peter Seilern, who won all three events and the  
Championship of Great Britain*



## SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS

THE BRITISH SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS were held at St. Moritz. Brian Powell from Montreal (above) was first in the British Championships (Commonwealth class) with the best time of the day



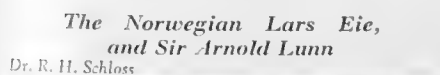
*Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn and  
his son David*



*Lady Wakefield and her  
grandson, Richard Raynsford*



*Roy Vernon (Oxford), hon. secretary of Oxford  
University Ski Club*



*Dr. R. H. Schloss*

*Lt.-Col. Robert Readhead,  
D.S.O., the referee*



*Robin Hooper (Cambridge), second in the Duke  
of Kent race, in the University events*



*Priscilla in Paris***BASKING IN THE GLOW  
OF A SUNLIT ATELIER**

**I**T is pleasant, on a grey, wet, January afternoon, to step from slimy pavements into the snug warmth of a picture gallery on what is still known as "Varnishing Day!" Not only does one find many acquaintances—and a few friends—but there are moments when one has the illusion of peeping through wide open windows on to scenes of brilliant sunlight, gentle landscapes, flower-filled gardens and ceruleous seas.

For this, of course, one must select the artist. It is wise, for instance, to keep away from Bernard Buffet's gangrenous cadavers until the dog days are here, for then it is not unpleasant to feel a chillsome trickle down one's vertebrae.

I found my happiness this week at the Galérie Sainte-Placide where Marithé Kraft was showing the pictures she brought back from her sojourn in Greece last summer. There I found flowers and seascapes to my heart's content and the honest realism I admire in an amusing, vivid interior—two men in a *bistro* deeply absorbed in a game of cards. There was also a noontide impression of the baronne de Navacelle's picturesque garden in Southern Brittany . . . when I closed my eyes I could hear the drone of the bees and smell the roses and honeysuckle laced with the slightly more bitter tang of verbena. This was a happy moment. Amidst the crowd surrounding the young artist I saw H.E. the Canadian Minister to Belgium, Mme. Hubert Fauche, M. Jean-Louis Vaudoier, Germaine Cossini



SILVIA MONFORT (the Countess) and Jean-Pierre Darras (the Count) in the Theatre National Populaire's revival of Beaumarchais' "Le Mariage de Figaro"

EDDIE CONSTANTINE with Zizi Jeanmaire in the film "Folies Bergere" opening on Feb. 1 at the Cameo-Poly





EX-KING UMBERTO with his son, Victor Emanuel, walking in the grounds of their Swiss home at Merlinge. Victor Emanuel will soon be enrolled as a student of law at Turin University

and the comtesse Hallez with her two pretty granddaughters Gillian and Suzy.

Bernard Buffet, the success of whose clever but macabre paintings has enabled him to transfer from push-bike to Rolls-Royce in record time, has recently acquired a ravishing little Louis XIII château near Aix-en-Provence. A tiny hamlet and its deserted church go with the castle. It must have been a job lot! One can easily imagine that the crumbling kirk will provide an eerie background for Buffet's morbid imagination but I like to think that, perhaps, he was simply delighted by that charming part of *La Belle France*. He may also have been influenced by the fact that in order to reach his domain he passes through a village named "Palette." How could an artist withstand such a coincidence?

VICTOR HUGO's monumental novel *Les Misérables*, of which the first edition, in 1862, ran into 370 chapters and totalled some 2,000 pages, has been brought to the stage. And what a stage! The Salle Luxembourg of the Comédie française! If all the characters and all the episodes that Victor Hugo has endeared to us, and over which we have wept in our adolescence, had appeared in the play, it would have lasted twenty-four hours.

Paul Achard, who has dramatized so many famous novels and who is responsible for the present adaptation, has reduced the gigantic mass of words and action to the usual dimensions of a three-hour performance, two acts and twenty tableaux. The result is an excellent entertainment for young patrons of melodrama who have never read Victor Hugo's greatest novel, but for those of us who had time—or took time—to read the book in our far-away youth there was disappointment and sadness despite the brilliant acting and décors.

Needless to say it is the condensation of the admirable old writer's lyrical and descriptive prose that turns the poignant story of Jean Valjean's life into a melodrama.

Many films have been made from *Les Misérables*. Five in America, three in France and another is actually in the crucible. Mistinguett, minus plumage and her beautiful legs not yet famous, played a small part in a silent version and René Jeanne tells us that in a Japanese production the rôle of Jean Valjean,

the brawny, great-hearted ex-convict who works his way to redemption, was played by Sessue Hayakawa.

After singing—and chatting—to crowded houses for three months at the Alhambra, Maurice Chevalier, for a rest, has retired to his managerial armchair at that music-hall. A short rest for, like the proverbial horse who refuses to drink, one may lead Maurice to an armchair but one cannot make him sit. He has even been caught dancing the "Poireaux-Pommes de terre," which is the scornfully joking reply of Paris to the rock 'n' roll. It was at a quiet party and Lucky, the famous mannequin, was his partner; but quiet or not, what energy and . . . what a name for a dance. "Leeks-and-Potatoes!" D'ye ever hear of such a thing?







## At the Theatre

# A GHOSTLY FROLIC

"THE BRIDE AND THE BACHELOR" (Duchess Theatre). This comedy with a Freudian theme and farcical moments has the strong support of (below) Mr. Naunton Wayne (sitting), the ex-president of the Bachelors' Club, sent from Heaven to smooth the marriage troubles of Miss Cicely Courtneidge's daughter. Mr. Robertson Hare (right) is the father with a penchant for Arts Council aid to African natives. Above, Miss Jill Raymond frets away her troubles on the sofa. Drawings by Glan Williams



MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE and Mr. Robertson Hare are at the Duchess with the nonchalant Mr. Naunton Wayne showing what a neat job talented drolls can do with material ill-suited to their talents. It is hard to put a name to the actors for whom Mr. Ronald Millar may have intended *The Bride And The Bachelor*. This piece might be the outcome of a seance at which any honest-to-goodness English farce writer had encountered the ghost of Giraudoux and come away with a lot of strange new ideas buzzing in his head.

An urbane president of the Bachelors' Club is struck down in the middle of an excellent after-dinner speech. He is moving with self-righteous calm into Heaven when he is halted by the keeper of the pearly gates and politely informed that there is something of a blot on his apparently blameless life. There is no objection to his not having married: his offence is having been afraid to do so. He is sent back to earth with instructions to make himself useful in overcoming some maid's eve of marriage misgivings.

The audience is straightaway in a spot of bother. We cannot make out whether the maid and her precocious younger sister are meant to be intense and sympathetic or intense and silly. They talk a lot of half-baked French, and the bride-to-be is much troubled by a sequence of dreams in which there are three bridegrooms instead of one. Miss Courtneidge comes to our rescue by burlesquing a bride's mother fussing among the presents.

THE travesty is so faint yet so sure that it is both realistic and absurd, making us ready to take the bride's troubles any way the author pleases. Mr. Hare, as the father, also subdues himself to the character of an enthusiastic member of the Council for bringing English culture to African natives. He may take culture a little too seriously, but he is well outside the borders of farce. A deputation from a savage tribe brings his daughter the present of a wishing bowl. Mr. Hare accepts the gift with the guileless pride of a successful missionary. The natives are absorbing civilization at a most gratifying rate. It is with this bowl that Miss Courtneidge, spelling out the magical formula inscribed on its sides, absentmindedly sends the realistic comedy spinning off into fantasy.

Through the door opening from the moonlit garden steps the former president of the Bachelors' Club, attired immaculately for the morrow's wedding. He is discovered by the troubled bride, and she associates him in some way with her dream of three bridegrooms. The ghost helps himself to whisky, and smiles blandly.

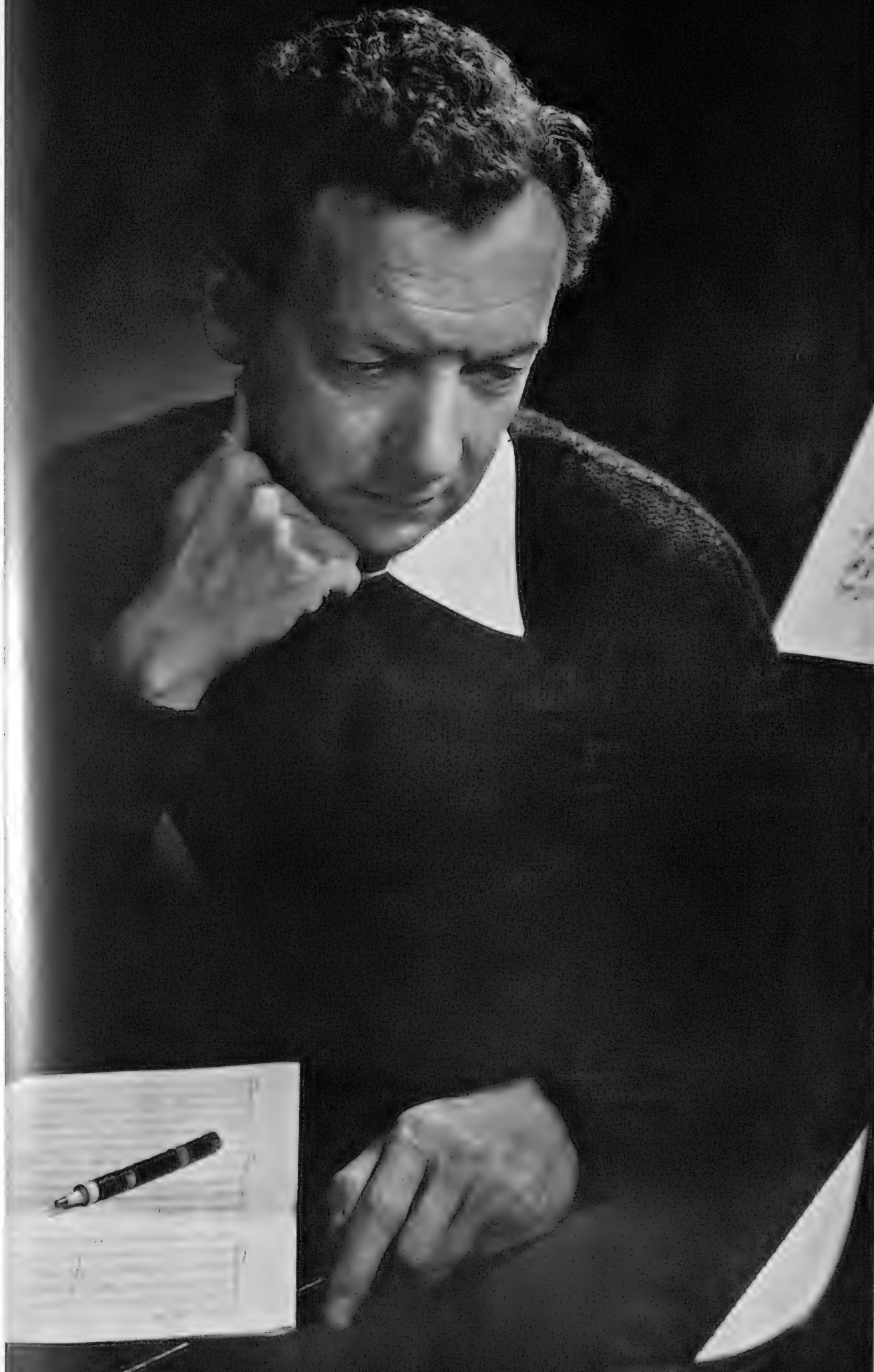
Here the audience is in a further spot of bother. If we are told that the cow jumped over the moon we have no difficulty in accepting the impossible, but a ghost who goes on drinking whisky out of mundane habit, even though he assures us that he cannot taste it, is worse than impossible: he is improbable. It is the author's fault, not the actor's, that we have constantly to remind ourselves that the dead bachelor is what he claims to be, a ghost, and not simply a smooth-spoken practical joker pretending to be a ghost.

STILL there are good lines in the part, and Mr. Wayne times them admirably. He manages to make an agreeable figure of the illustrious Benedick who is drily aware of the absurdity of his position as Heaven's chosen agent in the arranging of an unwilling maid's marriage.

Miss Courtneidge treats him as a sort of revue sketch ghost. Now she airily assumes that there is no such thing as a ghost, now she is thrown into a dither by some dumbfounding proof that he can only be a ghost, and now she does her cosy best to domesticate a ghost. To be haunted is not, after all, an anti-social crime. A sensible woman will make the best of the supernatural—up to a point. Miss Courtneidge's comedic finesse is delightful, and her performance is never less than entertaining. Mr. Hare is kept waiting for the broadly farcical situation rather a long time, but when they come he fits himself into them with his usual gusto.

What the comedy might have been if the author's invention had been less unequal is shown when the ghost suddenly forgets that he is a ghost entrusted with a Heavenly mission and reverts to the character of president of the Bachelors' Club. Mr. Wayne flings away nonchalance and lets himself go in a magnificent denunciation of the monstrous regiment of women that would have warmed the heart of John Knox.

—Anthony Cookman



## MR. BRITTEN PINS DOWN A THEME

FEW more expressive pictures of a composer have been taken than this study of Benjamin Britten in his "workshop." His fame is secure and more than country-wide, founded on a mature understanding of how music should be made in our day, and a versatility which is never shallow or facile. His latest achievement is the composition of the first full length British ballet "The Prince of the Pagodas," recently produced at Covent Garden. Four years ago, at the unusually early age of forty, he became a Companion of Honour

*Photograph by  
Karsh, Ottawa*





*Miss Virginia Gaselee, daughter of the Master  
of the West Kent*



*Elizabeth Millett and Joanna Hastings,  
two Pony Club members*

## THE WEST KENT FOXHOUNDS MEET AT HEVER CASTLE

HEVER CASTLE, the fourteenth-century home of Lord and Lady Astor, near Edenbridge, was the scene of a meet of the West Kent hounds. A small field, the result of

petrol rationing, was reinforced by a large number of foot-followers, and nearly fifty people were entertained by Lord and Lady Astor before hounds drew the first covert

*Mrs. E. J. Day and Mr. K.  
Stenborg, two of the followers*

*Lady Irene Astor and her children  
Louise, Bridget and Johnny*

*Mr. R. V. Vickary and Roger  
Vickary, out for his first season*





*Hounds move off from the meet, led by the first whipper-in and kennel-huntsman, Harry Lenthall*

*Desmond O'Neill*



*Miss R. Mabey, Mr. Donald Owen  
and Miss K. Havilland*



*Mr. V. Garrould, Mrs. Garrould  
and Miss C. Garrould*



*Lord and Lady Astor, who were the  
hosts at this lawn meet*





UNWILLING CROOKS, Peggie Castle and Mervyn Johns, face up to a sticky moment in *The Counterfeit Plan* which stars Zachary Scott as a fugitive from French justice who starts a counterfeiting business in an old house in England

CLARK GABLE (left) plays, in *The King and Four Queens*, a fascinating scoundrel who is after a fortune in gold. He has to contend with a rifle-shooting matriarch and four widows

## At the Pictures

# MR. GABLE CHALLENGES THE NEW SCHOOL OF ACTING

WITH growing scepticism I read reports of how The Method—Mr. Lee Strasberg's system of training actors to act—works. It is said to teach the student to *think* himself or herself into a part—any part, however unlikely. Mr. Marlon Brando, one is told, can, thanks to Mr. Strasberg's tuition, successfully impersonate an adding machine or a cash register: I can think of few more useless accomplishments—but Mr. Brando claims it is very good fun, anyway.

There is, apparently, nothing more fascinating than standing in a corner, clicking away quietly as one inwardly computes, or uttering a brisk "Ping!" on delivering up the change for a dollar bill. This is the sort of game I used to enjoy in kindergarten but I do not see how it will help Mr. Brando in his career as a film star. If an adding machine or a cash register is needed for a production, surely Hollywood, with all its resources, can afford the real thing?

Mr. Rod Steiger, another graduate from Mr. Strasberg's school, contends that The Method demands complete *realism* from the actor—so if a scene requires that he should appear to be out of breath, he runs round the studio lot a couple of times and arrives on the set fairly panting. This seems to me the total negation of acting, and liable to lead almost anywhere. If an actor cannot portray breathlessness without actually *being* out of breath, will he be able to play a murderer unless there's a real body lying about somewhere and real blood on his hands?

The Method sounds to me unutterably bogus and it is with relief that I turn from its two exponents to Mr. Clark Gable

who, if he has ever heard of it, no doubt scorns its pretentiousness as much as I do. Mr. Gable is always magnificently himself, and at fifty-six is one of the few surviving genuine, old-style film stars—slightly larger than life and compounded of solid celluloid and sex-appeal.

IN *The King And Four Queens*, a subject of his own choice, Mr. Gable enjoys himself hugely as a beguiling rascal bent on robbing a decent old battle-axe (Miss Jo Van Fleet) and her four delectable daughters-in-law of a hundred thousand dollars in gold which is stowed away in a jealously-guarded hiding place on their ranch in the deserted village of Wagon Mound. The treasure is the fruit of a bank robbery carried out by Miss Van Fleet's four sons, three of whom were killed in circumstances that made their bodies unidentifiable: the remaining one is a fugitive and as nobody knows which he is, none of the four girls they left behind can be sure that she is not still a wife.

That they would all prefer to be widows is clear when Mr. Gable, shot and wounded by Miss Van Fleet on arrival at Wagon Mound, is brought into the house where no man has set foot for two years. Mr. Gable makes a play for each of them in turn: bird-brained Miss Barbara Nichols, demure Miss Sara Shane, hot-blooded Miss Jean Willes and cool Miss Eleanor Parker all fall for him like one o'clock—but as they cannot tell him where the gold is hidden, Mr. Gable lightly brushes them off and concentrates his attention upon Miss Van Fleet.

Having tricked the poor old thing into unconsciously revealing



NICOLA MICHAELS plays a fiancée—rejected for all that she is the boss's daughter—in *The Power and the Prize*, a big business drama which also stars Robert Taylor in the leading role

the hiding place, Mr. Gable, though he likes her, sets about robbing her without the slightest pang of conscience. It is refreshing to find that for unsportsmanship in the game of grab, Miss Parker is every bit Mr. Gable's equal. The film is really quite deplorably amoral—and I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it. Mr. Gable remains King of the irresistibly confident, quizzical, cynical he-men—of whom I would far rather have one than a cash register, any day.

I FOUND *The Power And The Prize* a most irritating film—patronizing and pompous. Mr. Robert Taylor, a high-powered young American business executive, is sent to London by his tycoon boss, Mr. Burl Ives, to put over a somewhat dishonest financial deal on Sir Cedric Hardwicke—an upright English businessman, who is to be humiliatingly persuaded that the Americans are far more efficient than we could ever hope to be.

Mr. Taylor learns from an Austrian refugee, Fraulein Elisabeth Mueller, that ethics are important—and, from Sir Cedric, that the British, after all, have their pride. Chastened but ennobled by his London experiences, Mr. Taylor returns to New York to risk the sack. See if I care!

MR. BILL HALEY (complete with kiss-curl) and His Comets, The Treniers—a repellent quartet of collapsible coloured gentlemen, and Little Richard—a nightmare projection of the Wild Man from Borneo, are the principal attractions (?) in *Don't Knock The Rock*. They come to the aid of a bunch of crazy teenagers who are determined to prove to their staid elders in a small American town that there's nothing really harmful or immoral about rock 'n' roll.

A celebrated woman columnist (Miss Fay Baker) witnesses a prolonged exhibition of the now familiar cavorting and gives it what I suppose must be construed as a clean bill of health. "For the last two unrewarding hours," she says in an ineffably bored voice, "I have seen nothing but violent exercise. I abhor violent exercise." It is a perfectly innocent little film and will doubtless give pleasure to the young.

—Elspeth Grant

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER: Anne de Nys, the popular pianist of the L'Aperitif Grill, and her daughter, Virginia McKenna, who has recently completed a starring role in a new version of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* for M-G-M





## Book Reviews

# SOURCE OF GREATNESS

**A**. L. ROWSE's *The Early Churchills* (Macmillan, 36s.) fills a major canvas. This one might expect, given the subject and the author. The baroque jacket and handsome format put forth a promise which is fulfilled, and the publishers have been lavish in reproducing family portraits—together with those of monarchs who played their parts in the destinies of generations of Churchills.

Mr. Rowse has a magnetic quality as historian, for this reason—scrupulously objective as to fact, he is frankly personal when it comes to opinion. His likes and dislikes, never for long inhibited, not only make for verve and flavour, but ultimately (I think) for all-round fairness. Less provocative writers, that's to say, often impose on one their own pompous judgments; Mr. Rowse leaves one free to agree or not. Happily, not one of the Churchills born has fallen foul of this keen-eyed chronicler, whose derision or ire reserve themselves for inept rulers (he calls poor James II, for instance, "a hopeless ass"), venal statesmen or time-serving literati: not much is left of Swift.

This book is the first of what are to be two volumes. Here, we have the story of the Churchills from the time of the family's rise in Dorset, up to the death of the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. The first full-scale portrait is that of the first Winston Churchill—unaccommodating and sturdy "Cavalier colonel." (We are shown, by the way, how and why the name "Winston" entered the family.) Col. (later Sir Winston) Churchill was among those whose all-out support of the King's cause during the Civil War proved costly, and who were not to the full rewarded when accounts were settled after the Restoration.

**R**EWARD, such as it was, took the form of a tricky Irish assignment. The Commission of Claims, operating in Dublin, aimed to undo some Cromwellian outrages—alas, it was to satisfy almost no one. The first Winston, however, was deservedly knighted by Charles II for his services. Meanwhile, among the good man's private worries were his conspicuous offspring. Having gone to Court (against their father's wish) his son John and daughter Arabella made themselves felt. John proved a successful rival to Charles II in the affections of Lady Castlemaine; Arabella, by nature a quiet girl, was constrained to yield to the blandishments of the Duke of York: she bore the future James II four children.

Lady Castlemaine, née Barbara Villiers, was in fact the soldier John Churchill's cousin. The young man's mother had been Villiers-descended; the well-known charm was latent in Arabella, and Mr. Rowse, throughout *The Early Churchills*, shows the effect, on successive generations, of this infusion of brilliant blood into the more solid Churchill family make-up. This strongly appeared in the Duke of Berwick, who, Arabella's son by the Duke of York, was later to manifest (in the French cause) military genius akin to his Churchill uncle's.

**J**OHNS CHURCHILL, later first Duke of Marlborough, not unnaturally is the star of *The Early Churchills*. One may doubt whether this complex man of action has ever been studied more perceptively. Marlborough's spectacular campaigns reflect (as shown us by Mr. Rowse) the semi-artist temperament of the great commander. And inseparable from the picture of John Churchill is Sarah, his unparalleled wife. "Intolerable" as Mr. Rowse declares this lady to be, her fascination for him (as for us) is endless. The fifteen-year-old minx, the tyrant over Queen Anne's affections, the career-ally, the stormy-petrel widow—each phase of Sarah's is rendered livingly.

The building of Blenheim Palace is, in all senses, a chapter in itself. Praise should go, also, to the characterization of less prominent Churchills: for instance, Marlborough's two brothers, the general and admiral. One and all, these figures embody history. As to history, this book holds much to be pondered—e.g. that the after-effects of the Civil War are still to be felt in Britain today.



THIS SUPERB photograph of a deep crevasse, by Vittorio Sella, comes from "A Picture History Of Mountaineering," by Ronald W. Clark (Hulton, 30s.). Below, a detail of the ornamentation on a mansion in Damao from "Goa: Rome Of The Orient," by Remy. (Arthur Barker, 21s.)





Anthony St

NGAIO MARSH's latest, **Off With His Head** (Collins, Crime Club, 12s. 6d.), is interknit with the mystique of folk-dancing. South Mardian, a Hardy-esque village of savage habit, has from time immemorial celebrated the Winter Solstice in a manner peculiar to itself—and moreover, so far without publicity. But Mrs. Buntz, a German-refugee zealot, getting wind of the thing, arrives in her art homespuns, and trouble with her.

Dame Alice Mardian, defended by screaming geese, and her dotty niece Dulcie fail to rout the invader. Rehearsals of the Dance of the Five Sons (given each year by an hereditary family) proceed; the performance on Sword Wednesday takes place by torchlight in Dame Alice's courtyard—but on this occasion, fatally *not* to plan. Worse still, there appears some sinister reasons why the mimed beheading should have become a real one—the late unlamented old William had several enemies. Dear Superintendent Roderick Alleyn, called in, scores an unforeseen success with Dame Alice. *Off With His Head* is a plum-rich amalgam of local colour, ancient lore, feudal bullying and up-to-date intrigue. The fun is sometimes subtle, sometimes uproarious. I liked young Camilla Campion—any relation of Albert's?

★ ★ ★

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS's film script **Baby Doll** (Secker & Warburg, 12s. 6d.) is now to hand. This, apparently, is the first occasion on which publication in book form has coincided with the cinema showing. So here is a first-rate chance for technical study—also, for country cousins, a preview. This unedifying but powerful masterpiece should go far—though frankly, as a drama of the Deep South it is somewhat "mixture as before." Rotting mansion (haunted), unhinged aunt, moron girl-bride, drink-sodden ageing husband, Wop interloper... Uncle Tom Cobby and all! These scenes of rawness and passion were, I understand, shot in Mississippi, where they purport to occur. "Stills" from *Baby Doll* (film) illustrate the book.

—Elizabeth Bowen

DR. RUTH GIPPS, M.A., will, on February 1, be the first woman to conduct at the Royal Festival Hall, with the Pro Arte Orchestra. Below: a woman of the New Guinea highlands from "Yankee's People And Places," by Irving and Electa Johnson and Lydia Edes. (Hale, 21s.)







Michel Molinare

TRAVELLING clothes must be both smart and practical, comfortable, packable and, if possible, uncrushable. Hershelle's three-piece (above left) is in creamy oatmeal wool with white overcheck. The tailored suit, with its smooth single-breasted line, has a matching three-quarter length jacket, with a wide rever collar. Jacket 9½ gns., suit 12 gns., at Harvey Nichols Little Shop, and Chanelle, Oxford. Hat by Vernier. Julian Rose's elegant suit (above right) is in stone-coloured wool. Of simple design, its only trimming is a large fringed shawl collar, price £28 7s., obtainable from Dickins & Jones Model Room, and Alexandrine of Nottingham. Hershelle's single-breasted classic coat in pillar-box red crash worsted (opposite page) costs £12 11s. 6d., at Dickins & Jones, and Chanelle, Bournemouth. Hat by Vernier. The sheath dress by Roter in beige charmeline has a plain open neck and elbow length sleeves; it is worn with a matching poncho cape which allows great freedom of movement. The dress and cape cost approx. 24 gns., at Rocha, Grafton Street; hat by Vernier

DESIGN FOR MOBILITY ON YOUR



FASHIONS by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

NEXT VACATION







**S**LENDER dress in white jersey by Roter (left) with a high ribbed neck which curves to a vee at the back and buttons. The diminutive sleeves are cut in one with the dress, and the deep darts which define the waistline are banded at the hips with ribbed pockets. It costs approx. 13½ gns., obtainable at Rocha, Grafton Street, and Darling's of Edinburgh

## CASUALLY AT EASE



**C**LASSIC sweater by Jaeger (left) in blond cashmere worn with a pale tweed skirt buttoned at the waist; sweater 7½ gns., skirt 5 gns., silk square 15s. 11d. Above: Ballantyne's pale natural cashmere cardigan in the new short jacket style costs 8 gns., and is obtainable from Debenham and Freebody. The dark grey worsted skirt is by Gorray, price 87s. 6d., available at leading stores in London







FOR a holiday in a warm climate here is a linen dress and jacket by Julian Rose in a delicious shade of pink. The slim dress has a wide satin cummerbund swathed high under the bust, a scoop neckline and the mere suggestion of a sleeve; the jacket fits briefly to the waist. Price 31½ gns. at Harrods, and Jenners, Edinburgh. Flowered hat by Vernier. Right: Bradley's sumptuous coat in ivory beaver, collared and faced with dark brown beaver, was included in the combined collection of the Associate Members of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers at Grosvenor House on January 21

Bound for either  
sunshine or snow







# CLASSIC LOOK

## EN ROUTE

ON long journeys it is essential to be suitably dressed, to be comfortable as well as smart. For this the classic raglan swagger is a perennial favourite. From Jenners of Edinburgh comes this ideal coat in pure camel hair. Perfectly cut and tailored, £18 7s. 6d. The attractive pull-on hat in camel coloured stitched felt is £3 9s. 6d., and the scarf in pure silk twill with hand-rolled hem, and dog design panel on bright gold, costs 53s. 6d. Craftsman-made luggage in golden aniline dyed cowhide. Price of the suit case £19.5s., train case £12 15s.



John French

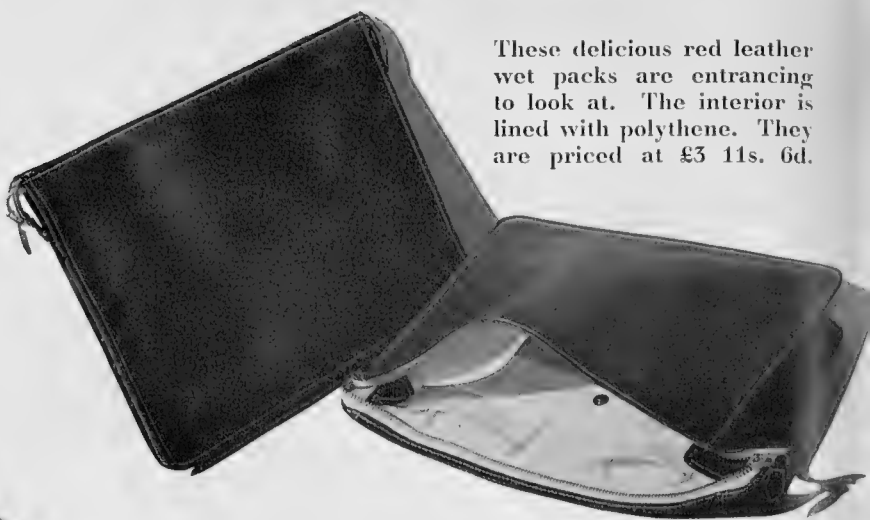


CHOICE  
FOR  
THE  
WEEK





These delicious red leather wet packs are entrancing to look at. The interior is lined with polythene. They are priced at £3 11s. 6d.



Ladies' handbag in Vaumolezza hide, fast colour, spongeable, rainproof. £12 12s. Ladies' tan Cape gloves, £2 5s. Cashmere and wool scarf, £1 12s. 6d.

## Travelling lightly



Lightweight suitcase in blue nylon, leather trimmed; price £18 15s. The matching overnight bag costs £7 15s.



Cream hide suitcase, soft top and bottom, £20. Matching overnight bag, £11 11s.



Document case in coach hide, with detachable folio case attached at back. £10 15s.

A GLAMOROUS holiday is enhanced to a wonderful extent by the possession of luggage that looks just right for its particular use. Gone are the days of the heavy, dull, dumbly respectable suitcases beloved of our forbears. In their place is light, multi-coloured, infinitely attractive equipment. Shown here, are examples from Simpson (Piccadilly)

—JEAN CLELAND

and rightly



Tie, shirt and handkerchief cases in navy grosgrain, lined white. Shirt case, £1 19s. 6d.; tie, £2 2s.; h'kerf. £1 1s.



Ladies' nylon covered umbrella in grey, £4 17s. 6d. Pure silk square, £5 10s.



This splendidly desirable coach hide overnight bag has its document case neatly and efficiently attached. £17 10s.

Dennis Smith



## Beauty

## Make room for chic

CHOOSING travel accessories, and the latest examples of smart luggage for this issue has set me thinking of holidays, and the various ways in which people approach the whole business of packing and going away. They fall into at least six different categories, and their methods are so vastly different, that they must be considered before any suggestions as regards "what to take" can be given.

First, the Sophisticated packer, who travels extensively, and having been to most parts of the world by land, sea and air, is used to a variety of conditions and climates. She knows exactly what to wear in every case, from a cruise into the sun, to winter sports in the snow, and is well versed on how to protect her skin from melting heat or intense cold. She has different ensembles for this and that, and wardrobe cases into which they can be efficiently hung and folded at a moment's notice, by herself or by a competent maid, who, thoroughly expert, has brought the job of packing to a fine art.

SECOND, the Casual packer, who, asked on the day before departure whether everything is ready, gives a light laugh and says, "Oh, no, I haven't started yet. I'm a terrible 'putter-offer.' Always leave everything to the last minute. I am going to do it all tonight, and just hope for the best." Whether or not she also fears the worst is immaterial, since in any case the worst usually happens in that a variety of the things she most needs are left behind.

Third, the packer who influenced by her husband, or occasionally from inclination, likes to travel "light." She takes a pride in keeping her luggage to a minimum, but too little trouble in practising the art of putting a quart quantity into a pint space, or of acquiring the various bags, cases, wet packs, and holdalls that weigh light, and make for easy and compact travel.

Fourth, the packer who cannot bear to leave anything out, and is constantly adding extra items "just in case." At least a couple of people have to sit on her cases before they will close. If she is going by plane, she either has to pay enormous fees for excess luggage when she gets to the airport, or finish by taking half the things out again.



Fifth, the Ditherer who wastes endless time in indecision. Her luggage is packed and repacked so often that it is surprising that she ever gets off at all. When the need for catching a train or a plane forces her to make a hurried choice, she is certain that it is the wrong one.

Sixth, the packer who, going on some specific holiday such as winter sports or a cruise for the first time, feels in need of help, and is grateful for a little advice.

It is for those in the last group that I offer a few hints. First and foremost, do not imagine that for a winter sports holiday you have no need to take sun-protective preparations. The sun can be extremely hot in most of the winter resorts, and the glare of the snow makes "burning" even more likely than in many other places. So do be warned, and take a protective foundation cream for the face, and an oil or lotion (whichever you prefer) for the body.

PUT in a pair of sun-glasses to guard your eyes against the glare, and a good eye lotion to bathe them with at night. If you are pressed for space, substitute for a large bottle of lotion a little one of Optone drops. This is small enough to go into a handbag. The drops are soothing and wonderfully effective for refreshing the eyes.

In case you get bronzed—and you probably will—it is a good idea to pack a separate range of make-up to that which you habitually use. That is to say, a darker shade of powder, a flame-coloured lipstick—as distinct from pink or crimson—with nail varnish to match.

Should you be going to sunbathe, it is desirable that the legs should be well groomed. Take with you then, a safety razor or some wax to keep them hairless and smooth. If you find the hot wax difficult to do yourself, you can get an excellent cool one that is very simple to use. This is made by Gertrude Hartley, of 72 Park Mansions, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

Since the legs take much longer to get brown than other parts of the body, I suggest a bronze leg make-up, which looks wonderfully natural, and tides one over that "white" period which is so unattractive.

—Jean Cleland



Slipper case in flowered chintz, green with deeper piping, white plastic lining. Mules to match. £2 8s. 9d. Marshall and Snelgrove

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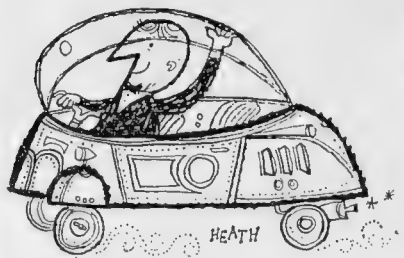
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THE MESSERSCHMITT, with a fuel consumption right down near the one hundred miles per gallon mark, is proving more popular than ever since petrol rationing began. In these photographs film stars Tony Curtis and his wife Janet Leigh try out the model K. R. 200 De Luxe



## Motoring

*Oliver Stewart*

# PUMPS WILL FLOW FREELY FOR THE TOURIST

TOURING abroad was my theme the other week and it is my theme again today. For in the meantime there have been conflicting reports on the amount of fuel that will be allowed to car owners when they arrive on the Continent. It may be recalled that, when the special facilities which are being offered this year by the ferry companies—both air and sea—were dealt with, it was said that ample supplies of petrol for all normal touring purposes would be arranged at the French ports. Subsequent newspaper stories cast doubt on this. So I asked the Automobile Association to give me the latest information obtained from their offices in western Europe.

As I write, it is confirmed that my original statement of the situation was correct. There is an approved schedule of fuel for those taking their cars abroad and it is generous. Thus any British motorist taking his car to France, either by air or by sea, and staying for not less than two days, receives, for the outward journey, fuel coupons which are determined in part by the size of his car. It will average 20 litres a day with a maximum of 200; that is 4.4 to 45 imperial gallons. For the return journey the limit is again 45 imperial gallons.

In Belgium there is no fuel rationing, but there is an 80 kilometres an hour (50 m.p.h.) speed limit—presumably an indirect means of achieving fuel economies. In Austria there is no rationing.

All this confirms the view that most countries, while seeking to reduce their own normal fuel consumption, will do everything they can not to discourage the tourist and will make sure that he receives ample allowances for any normal itinerary. This year of restrictions at home is, therefore, especially favourable for touring on the Continent. And let it be repeated that both the air and the sea ferries report that they expect heavy bookings, so that reservations will have to be made soon.

SYNTHETIC fuel and economizers have inevitably been in the news. It would be in the highest degree unwise to express any final opinions on either subject; but it is worth keeping an eye on the main chance. It is that any synthetic fuel to be of value today must use raw materials which are abundant in this country and which are not urgently required for other purposes. Thus an alcohol fuel would probably make too great inroads into agricultural produce to be of value; while motor spirit made from coal is equally unhelpful. When synthetic fuels are proposed, the question to ask is concerned with the raw materials. If those are kept secret it is not possible to pronounce judgment.

As for economizers, their appraisal should also begin at the beginning, in the factory where the car is made. If it is possible by fitting a small, inexpensive device, to reduce fuel consumption without spoiling performance or injuring the engine, the maker

would surely fit it. We all know that a smaller main jet in the carburettor will give reduced consumption, but it will and *must* reduce performance for maximum speed and hill climbing. More important it will, if the car is pushed, tend to burn the valves.

Then there are the devices which try to get round the fundamental problem of getting a cool (and therefore dense) fuel-air charge into the cylinder, yet having it in a state in which the burning will be even and complete. Heating parts of the induction system and cooling others have been tried a million times. Turbulence has been the subject of extended studies in numerous laboratories. So although we must look sympathetically upon all new inventions for improving fuel consumption without reducing performance or injuring the car, we must also bring to our investigations a measure of scepticism.

THIS being the moment of the minimum motor car I seized the chance offered me by an old friend the other day to do a few miles in a Messerschmitt. I was surprised by the quietness and by the smoothness of the small two-stroke engine as well as by the general comfort and warmth of the car's interior.

Driving seems to demand a certain address, with the finding of neutral on the quadrant change demanding familiarity. But there can be no doubt that the performance of the little car is good; that the tandem seating is comfortable for the person in the back; that access and egress is easy and that fuel consumption is right down near the one hundred miles to the gallon figure.

After my brief experience with this car I am not surprised at the popularity of it and of those other unusual Continental small cars now on sale in this country.

The assembly of an Englishman, a Frenchman and an American sounds like the beginning of a funny story we have all heard before; but in the case of John S. Chaloner's new book, *Three For The Road*, it is the beginning of an entertaining account of a journey across the North American continent in a motor car of uncertain disposition.

Motoring troubles have been almost as popular as mothers-in-law with humorists and they have been so often used that it has become difficult to treat them in a novel and arresting manner. But John Chaloner has succeeded and he has also succeeded in providing excellent descriptions of the passing scene, or, at any rate, of the scenes which his characters pass. *Three For The Road* is published by Hutchinson at 12s. 6d.

One final point about the recurrent subject of fuel economy. The Standard people have produced an excellent little booklet telling the owner just how he can get the maximum miles to the gallon out of Standard cars and including sensible advice on tuning and driving methods. This is a most useful booklet.

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## DINING OUT

# A gourmet in the shires

I. Bickerstaff

WHENEVER I pick up travel magazines or read mass advertisements for various forms of travel, I always get the impression that the first thing you are recommended to do is to leave your home country, and for some years I was guilty of this misdemeanour myself.

I knew my way about France much better than I did the British Isles, but this year just for once I am going to stay put and restrict my touring activities to England, and maybe next year it will be Ireland or Scotland.

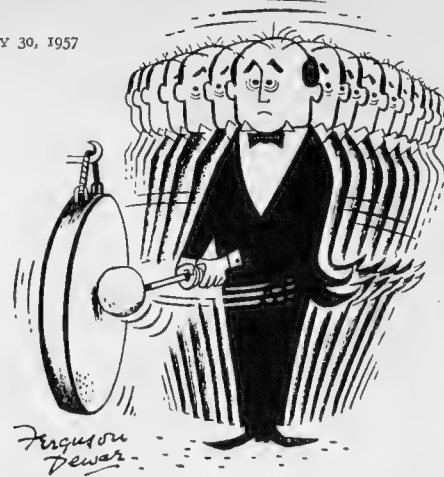
Not only is the scenery to be found in the British Isles equal to any other country in the world—unless it is essential for you to gaze on the high peaks of the Himalayas or down into the depths of the Grand Canyon, Arizona—but there are now many hotels which will provide the comfort and cuisine which for so long people, particularly the British, have continuously maintained are only to be found on the Continent.

I was talking about this to a friend who asked me where (assuming I had saved up enough petrol) would I go?

YOU have a tremendous choice, but planning is needed because in the summer most of the places I shall mention may be booked up months in advance. Personally, I always prefer to go in the very early spring or the late autumn when I can find a little peace, but here are just a few hotels and restaurants in various counties, in alphabetical order, which I either know personally or about which I have had first-hand reports from people on whose judgment I can rely.

**BERKSHIRE:** On the way to Oxford there is that charming old inn the *Crown and Thistle* at Abingdon with good English food and reasonable wines. At Bray is the *Hind's Head*, famous sixteenth-century hotel with a great reputation for its wine and food, while near Hurley you have *Ye Olde Bell Hotel*, an ancient inn dating from 1135 with first-class French, English and Italian cuisine and a very well stocked cellar—it has nine bedrooms, each with a private bathroom—and naturally it's expensive.

Also at Hurley on the main road is the *East Arms*, a fine hotel directed by Mario Trapani, who was responsible for the catering at Harrods for



over twenty years. It has a very smart cocktail bar, excellent food and first-class wines. At Sonning-on-Thames there is the *White Hart* with a magnificent restaurant looking right out over the rose garden and the river; first-class English food with a good cellar, and two very genial hosts, John Evans and Bill Shepherd. Again looking out over the river here is the famous *Skindles* at Maidenhead, run by that well-known restaurateur, G. Trapani.

**CHESHIRE:** In Chester there is the *Blossoms* dating back to 1650. John Hayter manages the place, which has one hundred bedrooms, forty-five of them with bathrooms. There is too the *Bridge Hotel* at Prestbury which was an ancient inn built in 1626 and is now a small luxury hotel with excellent food and wine.

**CORNWALL:** If you get as far as Cornwall there is the *Budock Vean Hotel* at Budock Vean which has a fine dining-room with a minstrel gallery and specializes in local produce such as fish, lobsters, crabs, etc. At Mousehole, near Penzance, the *Lobster Pot* has local specialties straight out of the sea, a short but adequate wine list and a few bedrooms. *Brent House*, at Polperro, is a small hotel also specializing in local sea food. They also have a gay restaurant where you can get lobsters prepared and cooked in anything you wish, including champagne.

**DEVONSHIRE:** The *Royal Clarence*, Exeter, in the Cathedral Close, is an example of what an English hotel in a county town should be, and the *Seagull Hotel*, Exmouth, is renowned among local gourmets for its first-class French cuisine. The *Portledge Hotel*, Fairy Cross, dating back to 1236, has first-class cuisine and very friendly atmosphere, and at the *George*, Hatherleigh, North Devon, another ancient inn popular with fishermen, they have some original ideas on food, such as red mullet cooked in cider.

*Woodford Bridge Hotel*, Milton-Damerel, is another place haunted by people who like to catch trout; the *Grand Hotel*, Plymouth, has a good reputation for its comfort and its cooking; the *Victoria Hotel*, Sidmouth, is in a fine position looking out to sea, with slap-up service and excellent food, and the *Imperial Hotel*, Torquay is one of the most outstanding hotels in the British Isles. It is very luxurious and will match up to any hotel anywhere.

**HAMPSHIRE:** The *Montagu Arms*, Beaulieu, is a first-class hotel, whose proprietor, D. C. Jenkins, has been wise in the ways of catering for many years. At the *Keppels Head*, The Hard, Portsmouth (Nelson's Flagship, H.M.S. Victory, is within sight) they also take a lot of trouble with their food and wine. The *Harbour Heights Hotel*, Sandbanks, Bournemouth, has a wonderful position, and Norman MacLeod sees that everybody is well looked after.

**ISLE OF WIGHT:** The *George* at Yarmouth has outstanding cuisine and is in a lovely position.

**KENT:** The *Burlington Hotel*, Folkestone, is first class and comfortable, and Denis Greenwood takes a great deal of trouble over his wine and food.

**LEICESTERSHIRE:** The *Three Swans*, Market Harborough: a first-class country hotel well worth a visit. Also the *Bell*, Leicester—lives up to all you would expect from a four-star Trust House.

**SOMERSET:** The *Castle Hotel*, Taunton, excellent all round, with a very friendly atmosphere.

**SUFFOLK:** The *Wentworth*, Aldeburgh, a place where they specialize in fine wine and food with service to match. The *Swan*, Lavenham, a fine old fourteenth-century inn with good, plain, English food.

**SUSSEX:** The *Royal Norfolk*, Bognor Regis, a luxurious hotel with a high standard of cuisine. *Cooden Beach Hotel*, near Bexhill-on-Sea, run with great gusto by Rex Bannister, where everything is first class. *Grand Hotel*, Eastbourne, a huge hotel on the front but very well run. *Cavendish Hotel*, Eastbourne, another large hotel where you have got all the comforts you require. *Ye Olde Felbridge Hotel*, East Grinstead, a magnificent place which has built up a tremendous reputation.

**YORKSHIRE:** The *Pavilion Hotel*, Scarborough, one of the finest hotels in England, magnificent in its décor, preparation of its food and its wine list, directed by Frank Laughton. The *Royal Hotel*, Scarborough, another Laughton enterprise, this one being directed by Tom Laughton, the Burgundy section of his wine list being his pride and glory.



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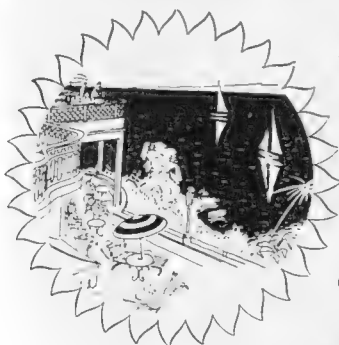
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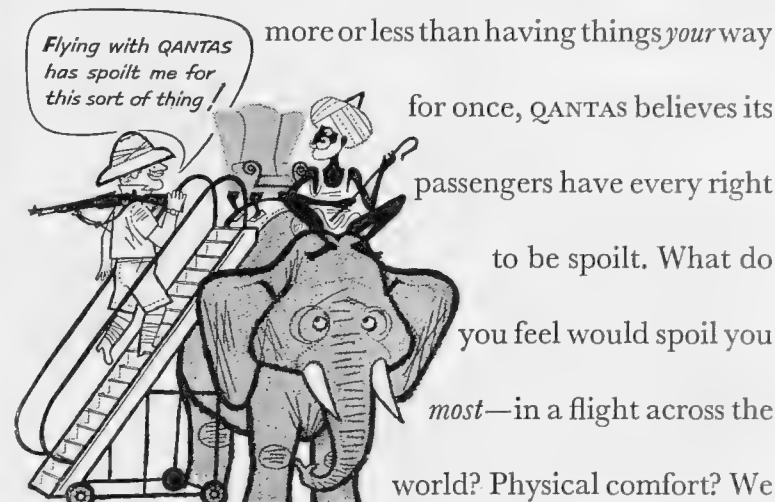
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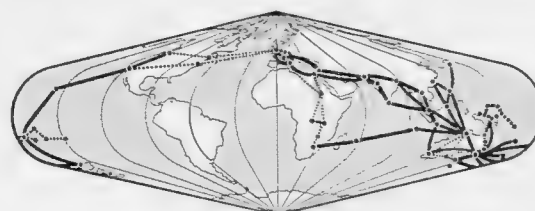


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## DINING IN

# Outstanding dishes of four countries

Helen Burke

THERE is a tremendous interest in Britain in the foods of other lands, if only to compare them with our own dishes. A man who has just returned from two months' travelling all over Norway talked to me about the food he met with there. His admiration for the fish was unbounded—mainly, I gathered, because it was so fresh—and he singled out cod as one of the most delicious.

That interested me because it is not long since, sitting beside M. Avignon, late *maitre chef de cuisine* of the Ritz, at a dinner of chefs, cod was one of the foods we discussed. M. Avignon asked me what was my favourite fish and the way I preferred it cooked. To his surprise, I replied that it was cod—English inshore cod—grilled, basted with butter and served with *maitre d'hotel* butter. He beamed (as only this dear man can) and, to my surprise, told me that it was *his* favourite fish and that he, too, liked it grilled!

My friend who had been in Norway remarked that he did not like boiled cod with melted butter, as they serve it there. His preference is for a good parsley sauce. (Many people from other lands think very little of our parsley sauce!) He also remarked that he liked English cooking better than any other, and that it was altogether likely that he was spoiled because his wife is a very good cook.

I agreed that British cooking, at its best, cannot be bettered. Still, as I have written, many of us are turning, more and more, to "Continental" dishes, mainly I think because in so many of them a little meat goes a long way. We get ideas for them when we travel and sample other countries' food.

ON the coming visit of our Queen and Prince Philip to Portugal, they will, no doubt, be regaled with real Portuguese dishes. There are very good fish soups, less well known than *bouillabaisse*, and chicken served in several ways we would not find in the French kitchen. Cod, just as fresh as our inshore ones, has the advantage of deep sea fish, caught nearer home, as it were. There are many salt cod dishes, too.

The term "Portugaise," applied to a dish, generally means that there are tomatoes in it. Here is *Cod Portugaise*, enough for four servings.

In a large frying-pan, heat together an ounce of butter and two tablespoons of olive oil. In them, fry a smallish Spanish onion and a small clove of garlic, each finely chopped, to a warm cream colour. Add two to three chopped, skinned and deseeded tomatoes and cook, stirring for several minutes. Season to taste. Next, add a bouquet garni and a teaspoon of finely chopped parsley. Embed in this mixture four seasoned smallish cod steaks or two large ones, allowing about five ounces per serving. Finally, add a sherry glass of dry white wine, cover and cook for five to six minutes, then remove the lid and very slowly cook for a further fifteen minutes to evaporate excess liquid.

Lift the steaks on to a heated serving dish. Remove the bouquet garni, pour the garnish over the fish and serve.

FOLK who holiday in Spain return with glowing accounts of unusual dishes. Two of these are Gazpacho and Paella, for which I am often asked. As regards the latter, I think I cannot do better than give the recipe for *Paella à la Valenciana* from *The Home Book Of Spanish Cookery*, by Marina Pereira de Aznar and Nina Froud (Faber and Faber, 15s.). This is a large dish for quite a large party.

Heat 3 tablespoons olive oil in a large deep frying-pan. Add a jointed chicken and 1 lb. pork, cut into half-inch dice. Brown lightly, then add a finely chopped onion. When the onion is golden, add 3 peeled and chopped tomatoes. Cook for a few minutes, then put in 1½ lb. of rice and simmer for 10 minutes. Add ½ lb. runner beans or peas and let them cook for a while with the meat and chicken. (The Paella is also greatly improved by the addition of a few artichoke hearts.) After this mixture has been cooking for a few minutes, add 3 red pimentos and 12 small pieces of fish (eel is highly recommended), a pint of mussels, pieces of crab or lobster, ½ pint prawns or shrimps and any other interesting sea food you can lay your hands on—and it is no crime to let a mussel shell or two slip into the Paella. Season to taste and let the whole boil fast

for 8 minutes, after which reduce the heat and simmer for 8 minutes on a low fire.

Add a pinch of saffron. Measure out a cup and a half of water for every cup of rice and pour it into the pan.

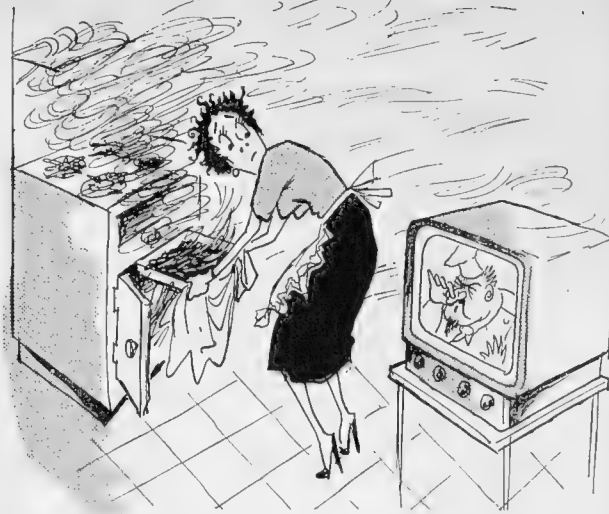
When the rice is cooked and all the water has been absorbed, leave the Paella in the oven for five minutes to give it a nice golden colour. Take it out of the oven and let it stand for a couple of minutes "to settle" before serving.

ALTHOUGH *Carbonnade de Boeuf* is a Flemish dish, it has become practically international and, because we have ale, it is particularly suitable for this country.

To serve 4 people adequately, cut 1¼ to 1½ lb. lean top side of beef into fair-sized squares. Melt an ounce of dripping or other fat in a large enough frying-pan and fry the meat in it until a warm brown all over. Transfer to a casserole and season well. Add to the frying-pan 2 to 3 chopped Spanish onions and cook, while stirring, until they are a golden tone. (A chopped small clove of garlic is, perhaps, desirable.) Work in a tablespoon of flour. Add a water glass of beer and one of hot water, season to taste, and simmer to cook the flour. Add a teaspoon of sugar and a pinch of mace. Turn the mixture on to the meat and add a bouquet garni and up to a small teaspoon of vinegar. Cover closely and cook for about 2 hours in a slowish oven (325 to 350 deg. F., or gas mark 2 to 3).

*Tripe Romaine* is an Italian way of cooking it, given to me, many years ago, by the chef of Romano's in the Strand (long since gone). It was a recipe he had got from one of the most famous restaurants in Italy.

For 4 to 5 servings, melt 1 to 2 oz. butter in a large deep pan. In it, fry 3 to 4 sliced leeks (mostly white), a sliced head of celery (coarse outer stalks removed) and 2 sliced Spanish onions, stirring them about until all are golden brown. Add 2 lb. honeycomb dressed tripe, cut into strips about 2 inches by ½ inch. Cook gently for 10 minutes. Add 6 chopped, skinned and deseeded ripe tomatoes and a good sherry glass of dry white wine. Season to taste, adding a small pinch of nutmeg. Cover and simmer for an hour. Pour into a shallow heat-proof dish, sprinkle with 2 oz. grated Parmesan cheese and brown under the grill.



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Vandak



Lenarc

Miss Jennifer Louise de la Harpe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman de la Harpe, of Normandie, Graas Reinet, Cape Province, South Africa, is engaged to Mr. Edward T. Hall, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Walter D'Arcy Hall, of Ewelme Park, Henley-on-Thames



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Miss Elizabeth J. C. Knight, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Knight, of Floreal, Mauritius, is engaged to marry Mr. Robin G. I. Leonard, who is the only son of Captain and Mrs. G. T. I. Leonard, of Jollivers, Felden, Hertfordshire



Fayer

Miss Helen Ann Lingard, only daughter of the late Capt. Henry Lingard, M.C., and of Mrs. C. A. Feely, of Peasenhall, Suffolk, is to marry Lt. Peter Maxwell Stanford, Royal Navy, elder son of Brig. and Mrs. H. M. Stanford, of The Stone House, Aldringham



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Miss Prudence Jane Rodney, daughter of the late G/Capt. I. Rodney, O.B.E., and of Mrs. Rodney, of The Well House, Great Amwell, Hertfordshire, is engaged to Mr. Keith Wollaston, son of the late Mr. G. L. Wollaston, and of Mrs. Wollaston, of Sale, Cheshire



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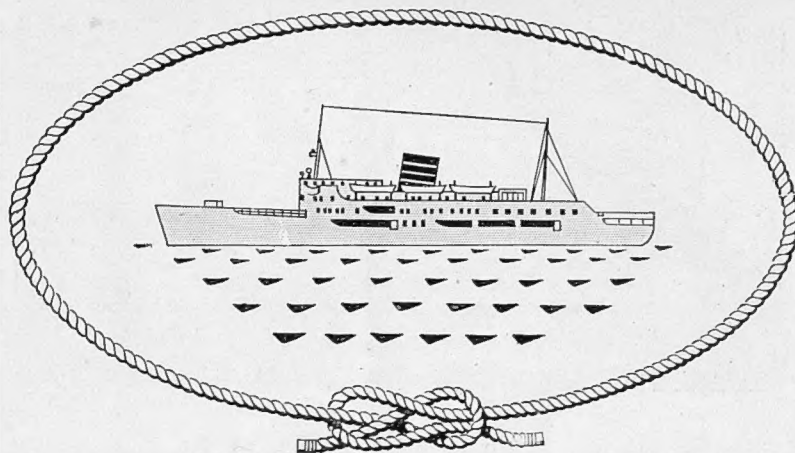
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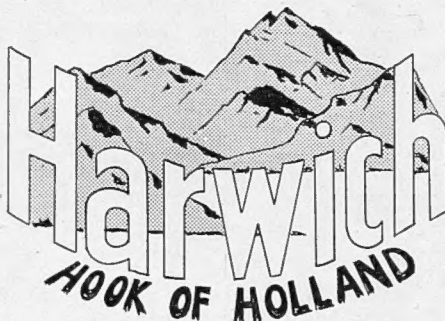
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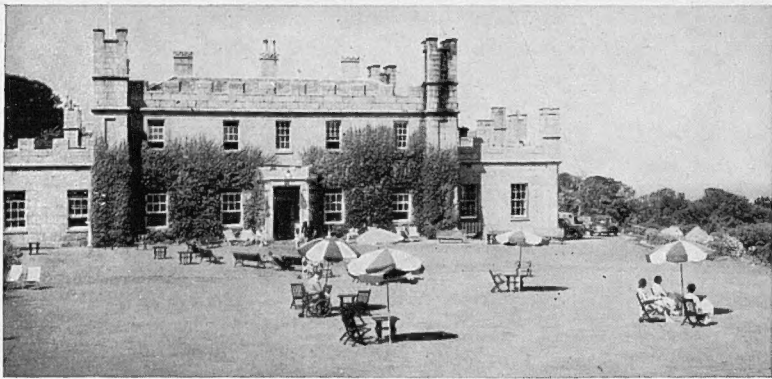
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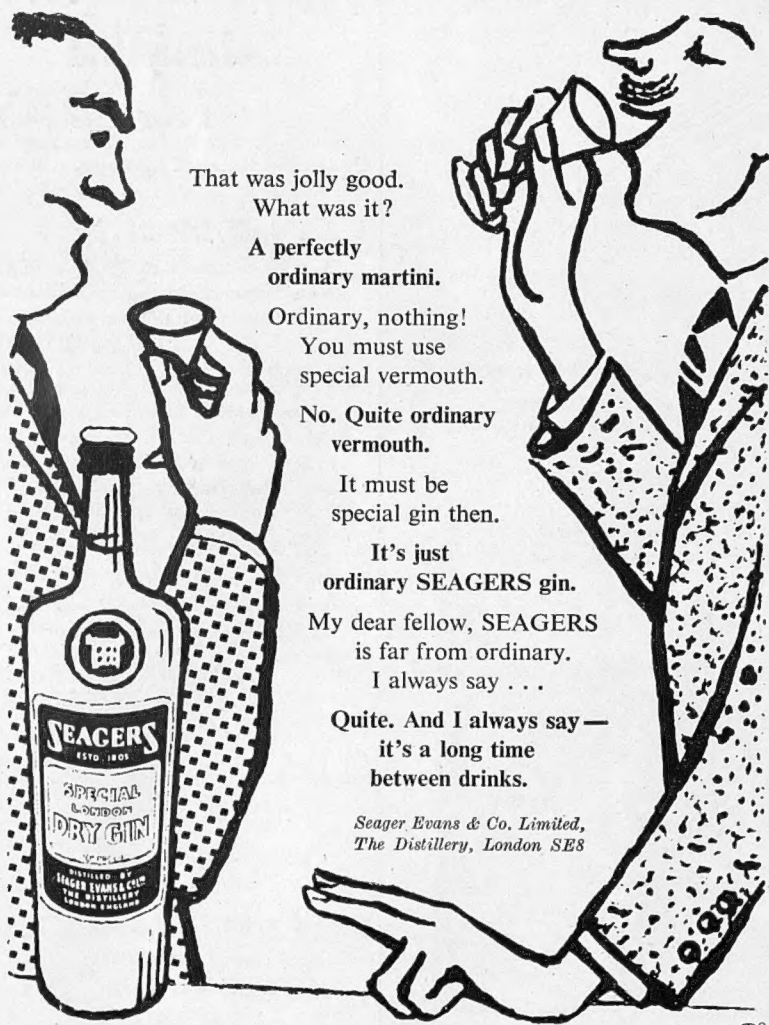
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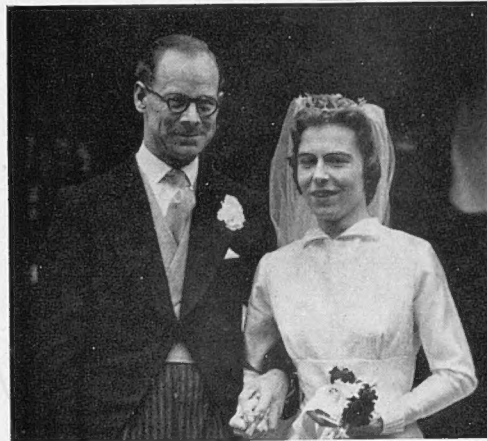
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**Edwards—Gibbs.** Mr. Timothy Edwards, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Edwards, of Suffolk House, Chiswick Mall, married Miss Brenda Mary Gibbs, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Joseph Gibbs, of Cedar House, W.8, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

## RECENTLY MARRIED

**Duchesne—Turner.** Lt. Timothy Richard Duchesne, R.N., eldest son of Mr. H. W. Duchesne, of Goldthorns, Abergele Road, Colwyn Bay, and Mrs. R. Duchesne, of Hitchin, Herts, married Miss Jennette Patricia Turner, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Turner, of Sydney, Australia, at All Saints' Church, Witney, Oxfordshire



**Rooney—Jermy Gwyn.** Major John Rooney, elder son of the late Lt.-Col. J. J. Rooney, and of Mrs. J. G. Hewitt, of Abbey Manor, East Hendred, Berks, married Miss Susanna Jermy Gwyn, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Philip Jermy Gwyn, of Billingford House, Diss, at the Church of Our Most Holy Redeemer, London, S.W.3

**Powys Maurice—Garside.** Lt. Michael Christian Powys Maurice, R.N., son of Capt. F. H. Powys Maurice, C.B.E., R.N., and Mrs. Powys Maurice, of High House, Curdridge, Hants, married Miss Rosemary Margaret Garside, daughter of the late Capt. F. R. Garside, C.B.E., R.N., and of Mrs. Garside, of Grenville Hall, Droxford, at St. Andrew's, Meonstoke, Hants





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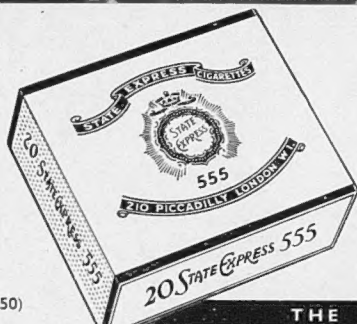
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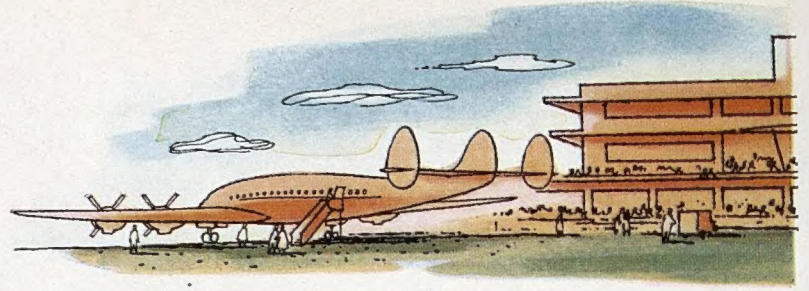
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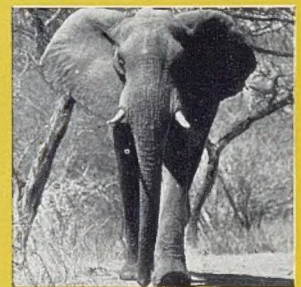
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